

Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton
1959

Per Annos

June 1959



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Editorial

Why do so many young people think that education is unimportant or too difficult for them? The word suggests the development of character and mental powers. At the school level it is not exclusively training in scholarship; it is even more the development of the whole personality. It is true that we get a basic grounding in the main subjects such as history, mathematics, English, and at least one foreign language, but I should like to think now about some of the other things we also learn.

We learn to adapt ourselves to other people. We soon realize that a friendly relationship with them is more important and brings more genuine happiness than the indulgence of every selfish whim. Another thing we learn through education is the fact that good manners are very important. Here at boarding school, through living under the same roof with many other girls and also through some direct reminders by the Staff we finally develop good manners. We learn that we can have consideration for those in authority and still respect ourselves. We must conform to the standards of behaviour that are set. As we grow older, it is necessary for us to find our own place, to be satisfied there, and always to do our work, just as in soccer not everyone can be captain or play the position of centre forward, but some must be content to fill the less exciting positions. Here at King's Hall we grow up quickly and learn to face things that are ahead of us. Every day there are bound to be a few disappointments and things are not always going to be the way we wish. It is true strength of character to "walk through a storm" and keep one's chin up.

Another thing we learn at school is a good sense of values. How many times has Miss Gillard told us that it is the small things in life that count and not the costly ones that we might have imagined more valuable because they glisten with jewels. For example we might think that an expensive

present chosen from the counter of a down town store would please Mother most of all, but what will really please her best will be the article we have taken time to sit down and knit or sew for her.

Now the Matrics of 1959 leave King's Hall with fondest memories. We have profited greatly from our education here and we ought to go out as worthwhile citizens with a true sense of values. We must not lower out standards, but as individuals try to keep them high.

Nothing could express my feelings better than General MacArthur's "Prayer For My Son," which Miss Gillard has often read to us on Saturday mornings:

"Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid—one who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, but humble and gentle in victory.

"Build me a son whose wishes will not replace his actions, a son who will know Thee.

"Send him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort, but in the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Here let him learn to stand up in the storm; here let him learn compassion for those who fail. Build me a son whose heart will be clear, whose goal will be high—a son who will master himself before he seeks to master others.

"One who will learn to laugh, yet never forget how to weep; one who will reach into the future, yet never forget the past.

"And after all of these things are his—this I pray—enough sense of humour that he may always be serious, yet never take himself seriously.

"Give him humility so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, the meekness of true strength.

"Then I, his father, will dare to whisper, 'I have not lived in vain.'"

We wish to express our thanks to the four Staff advisers without whose help the Magazine could not have been published, to Mrs. Welter for assistance in typing and also to the many girls who typed articles, and collected or arranged for advertisements. When you read the contributions from every Form in the school I hope you will feel that this year's **Per Annos** has been a success.



Miss Gillard

King's Hall,
1st May, 1959.

Dear Girls:

I have just been reading an informal talk entitled, "Rough Notes of a Lesson." It has given me food for thought and I have decided to use it as the theme of this letter to you all.

What a joy it is to be able to write on a School Report or in a Letter of Recommendation for College or for a Post, "So and So has a real intellectual curiosity and interest!" Unfortunately I all too rarely have that pleasure. Most of you study because you are made to, or to pass examinations, and not from any love of knowledge for its own sake.

Lessons are not mere lessons; they are "the potentiality of growing rich in wisdom and in goodness beyond our highest dreams."

I am going to take some of the chief subjects you learn and show the higher things you should or could gain from doing them.

You study Mathematics and Science to give you power over your minds, to teach you to follow a chain of reasoning, to keep up continuous attention and not to jump to conclusions. The love of Truth, the disciplined minds, the dedicated lives of the mathematicians and scientists, have made our own age unique in the history of Mankind.

The study of Languages, quite apart from the advantage of being able to read and speak them, enlarges your mind. It makes you know your own language better, for translation gives you a choice of words and trains you to appreciate delicate shades of meaning. (Barbarous tribes have a very small vocabulary and it seems to me that we are fast reverting to the savage state. Everything is nice or divine, or terrific or revolting!)

History should not be just bare facts. It illustrates and explains politics of our own time, and teaches sympathy and large-mindedness and the power of admiring virtues different from ours. History and Geography should keep us from being "provincial."

Poetry helps to make us imaginative and we must have imagination if we are to be tactful and sympathetic. The poetry you learn by heart will take on a fuller meaning as you grow older, although it may have seemed dull when you memorized it.

If you simply learn your lessons by rote and do nothing to develop your thinking powers, your education will soon drop off you when you leave school. So try to think for yourselves, ask questions, read the newspapers intelligently. Do not do just enough to slip by from day to day. Try to develop a real intellectual interest in at least a few branches of study. Make full use of your talents whether you be a ten-talent person or a one-talent person.

Lastly, I hope that while you are at school you will not have only lesson-book interests, but will learn to enjoy good books—books that have stood the test of time. Through books you will be able to live with the greatest minds of the ages. They will "give you advice when you seek it, never be impatient of your dulness, refresh you when you are weary, sing with you when you are glad, stimulate you when your energies flag."

Now a word to the Seniors. Many of you are planning to go on to College. In my mind I have divided you into three groups. In the first group are those—a few only—who are going out of real intellectual interest. In the second group are those who are going from a practical point of view, because they feel that a College education will help them to get a better position later. Both of these objects are worthy ones. Then there is the third group made up of those who are attracted largely by the social activities and the social prestige which a College provides. These are the girls who are in danger of putting pleasure and self-gratification first—of making them the main object in life, to which all other ideals are sacrificed. If you put pleasure first it leads to a gradual lowering of your standards. We all wish for happiness, but pleasure and happiness are two different things. Pleasure is an external thing—it comes from the outside. Happiness comes from within. It comes from the satisfaction of work well and truly done, of thoughtfulness for others, of forgetfulness of self, of respect for other people as persons, of an appreciation of the beautiful in Nature, in Music, in Art, in Literature. In short, true happiness comes from the satisfaction of a life fully and worthily lived.

Yours affectionately,

Adelaide Gillard

Head Girl



LORNA MURRAY—"Murph"
Rimouski, Quebec

Montcalm
1954-59

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

Head Girl; Form Captain VIA; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics;
Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA;
Chairman of Art Jury.

Teams:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"Fa-----bulous!"

Favourite Pastime:—Reminiscing.

Theme Song:—"Go Ridley Tiger."

Head Girl's Message

On first realizing that I had to write to you all, I wondered how I could possibly do it! However, now that the year is nearly over there are several things I should like to mention.

First of all, I should like you to know how very much I have enjoyed being your Head Girl. At times things were disheartening, and admittedly I felt rather discouraged, but such occasions were so few that I need not mention them here. This year has indeed been happy and each one of you has contributed towards making it so.

Sometimes you probably thought that I was being unreasonable or was "picking" on you, but when I found you doing your reducing exercises on the floor after lights, much to your room-mate's amusement, or paying your respects next door at eleven p.m.—how could I help being "crabby?"

I know that every year someone says, "The school spirit has been wonderful!" And here I am, about to say the same thing. But I do mean it sincerely, because the enthusiasm has been outstanding. A friendly atmosphere and a perseverance through difficult times have been two of the chief factors in this year's success.

To next year's Head Girl and Prefects I want to wish the very best of luck! You may be sure that I shall think of you often. I know I speak for all the Prefects when I say, "It's been a pleasure and a privilege to work with you."

God bless you,

LORNA

On behalf of the School I would like to extend sincere thanks and appreciation to Miss Keyzer who has devoted thirty years to King's Hall. Never has anyone contributed so much to the School. It's impossible to express in words how important Miss Keyzer is to us all. Without her we'd stagger down to breakfast hair uncombed, shoe laces undone and tie non-existent! How would we ever get out tooth-paste, shampoo, notepaper and MAIL! Needless to say we'd be lost without her.

Someone else who has been with the School the same length of time is George Groundwater. Our thanks to him for his many years of service. Old Girls will remember George's footsteps in the quiet hours—as the night watchman made his rounds. The present girls actually see George as he paints, mends and skilfully deals with the many problems of keeping King's Hall in one piece. Thank you—George!

Prefects

SHIRLEY MORRIS—"Shirl"
Cornwall, Ontario

Macdonald
1954-59

"He who asks a question is a fool for five minutes;
He who never asks a question remains a fool forever."

Head of Macdonald; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Sports Captain VB-VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Ambition:—To go into scientific research.

Probable Destination:—Being shot to the moon.

Pet Aversion:—People who tell me I have a "different" laugh.

JOSLYN CARTER—"Lyn"
Montreal, Quebec

Macdonald
1955-59

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low
— an excellent thing in woman."

Prefect on Macdonald; Library Committee; Literature Club; Play Producer VIA; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA; Bell ringer VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Favourite Expression:—"Laugh? I thought I'd die."

Pet Aversion:—Zooming down the slopes at Hillcrest.

Theme Song:—"Button up your overcoat."

DIXI LAMBERT—"Lam"
Montreal, Quebec

Montcalm
1955-59

"A laugh as contagious as a yawn."

Head of Montcalm; Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Play Producer VIA; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Favourite Pastime:—Trying to keep a serious face.

Pet Aversion:—Her goldfish.

Theme Song:—"Next week is work week."

DAPHNE DUNCANSON—"Dunc"
Toronto, Ontario

Rideau
1955-59

"All the world is mad
But me and thee (and thee a little bit.)"

Head of Rideau; Form Captain VIA; Library Committee; Choir; Dramatics; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Favourite Expression:—"Panic."

Ambition:—To see the world.

Probable Destination:—Joining the navy.

JUDITH BIGNELL—"Judy"
Quebec, Quebec

Rideau
1953-59

"Behind that innocent face lies a mischievous smile."

Prefect on Rideau; Crucifer; Form Captain IVA, VIB; Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Favourite Expression:—"Who? Me?"

Ambition:—To be a teacher.

Pet Aversion:—Snakes, daddy-long-legs and his clan.

JUDY HINGSTON—"Judes"
Westmount, Quebec

Macdonald
1955-59

"Time's valuable so why waste it working."

School Sports Captain; Form Captain VA; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Favourite Expression:—"Snappy!"

Ambition:—To be a second Einstein.

Probable Destination:—Being the first Hingstein.





JANET TAYLOR
Lennoxville, Quebec

Rideau
1956-59

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen—lend me your —."

School Sports Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club;

Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Sports Captain VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-Form.

Ambition:—To fly a plane.

Probable Destination:—Her head in the clouds—figuratively.

Favourite Expression:—"Weasle!"



KATE REED—"Katers"
Montreal, Quebec

Montcalm
1955-59

"A little snoozing now and then without the thought of book or pen."

Residence Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics;

Glee Club; Public Speaking VIA; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Ambition:—Paris for an education.

Probable Destination:—Paris!—Education?

Pet Aversion:—People who go through a revolving door on her push.



BEVERLEY SHANNON—"Bev"
Westmount, Quebec

Macdonald
1956-59

"Love makes the world go round."

Residence Captain; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics;

Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross, Secretary-Treasurer;

Sports Captain VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Favourite Expression:—"Seriously—what am I going to do?"

Pet Aversion:—Girls who streak their hair.

Theme Song:—"Problems."

Form Captains



ELIZABETH PRICE—"Liz"
Como, Quebec

Rideau
1953-59

"Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt."

Form Captain VB-Matric; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club;

Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Sports Captain VB.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Ambition:—Dog handler.

Probable Destination:—Having the dogs handle her.

Theme Song:—"I guess things happen that way."



ANN TAYLOR—"Tay"
Toronto, Ontario

Montcalm
1954-59

"Why should the devil have all the fun?"

Form Captain Matric; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics;

Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross, President; Sports Captain

VB, VA.

Teams:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School; Badminton.

Ambition:—To get her M.R.S.

Probable Destination:—Professional baby-sitter.

Prototype:—Andy Pandy.

Matrics



ELAINE AUDET
Sherbrooke, Quebec

Rideau
1952-59

"I was born this way. What's your excuse?"

Form Captain IVB, IVA; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics;

Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House.

Favourite Expression:—"There goes another faithful failure."

Ambition:—Bachelor of Science in Nursing.

Probable Destination:—Nursing bachelors.

ROSEMARY CHRISTENSEN—"Rosie"
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau
1954-59

"Genius is the ability to avoid work."

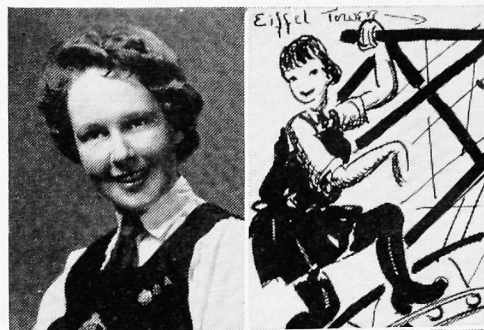
Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Ambition:—To be a lady of leisure.

Probable Destination:—Dying of boredom.

Pet Aversion:—People who tell me I'm slow.



JOAN CORDEAU
Westmount, Quebec

Rideau
1954-59

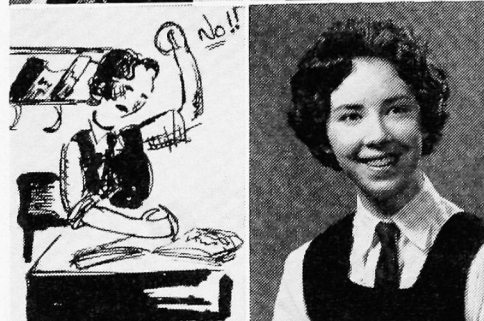
"I agree with no man's opinion; I have some of my own."

Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House.

Favourite Expression:—"Well whippidoo."

Theme Song:—"Thumbelina."



GALE DAVIS
Knowlton, Quebec

Montcalm
1955-59

"La punctualité est la politesse des rois."

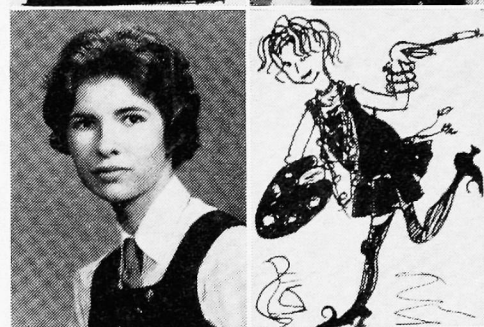
Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House.

Ambition:—To be a second Picasso.

Pet Aversion:—People who say I'm gone with the wind.

Theme Song:—"Wild is the wind."



HELEN GIBB-CARSLY—"Hels"
Como, Quebec

Rideau
1957-59

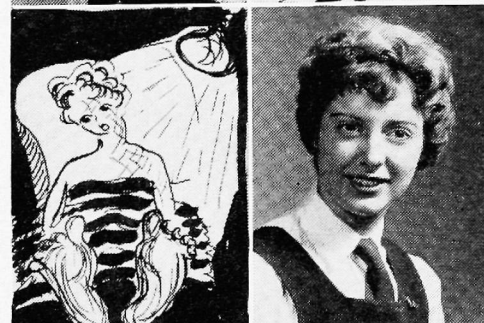
"Hurrying is so ungraceful; avoid it."

Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball-School; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House.

Favourite Expression:—"I couldn't be late—you must be early."

Favourite Pastime:—Drawing intricate designs for a three seater Sputnik to "the hill" and back.



NANCY GLASS—"Og"
Lennoxville, Quebec

Macdonald
1955-59

"It's better to be silent and be thought a fool, than to speak and remove all doubt."

Form Captain VIA; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Prototype:—Mae West.

Theme Song:—"Looking Back."

Favourite Expression:—"There is method in my madness."



SUSAN HANSON—"Sue"
Lennoxville, Quebec

Macdonald
1956-59

"My mind's made up! Don't confuse me with facts."

Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

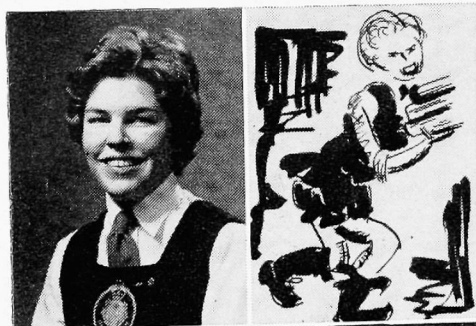
Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School; Badminton.

Ambition:—To be a doctor.

Probable Destination:—A Ubangi witch-doctor.

Favourite Expression:—"Oh bugs!"





SUSAN HARSHAW—"Sue"
Westmount, Quebec

Montcalm
1956-59

"The most completely lost of all days
is that on which one has not laughed."

Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club;
Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.
Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House.
Pet Aversion:—Loose-leafs that just walk away.
Favourite Expression:—"Je ne sais pas what to do."



DIANNE HORNIG—"Di"
Bolton Centre, Quebec

Montcalm
1955-59

"Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we eat, drink and be merry."

Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine
Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Sports
Captain VA, VIB.
Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.
Ambition:—To be a psychiatrist.
Probable Destination:—To be psychoanalysed.
Pet Aversion:—The other girl.

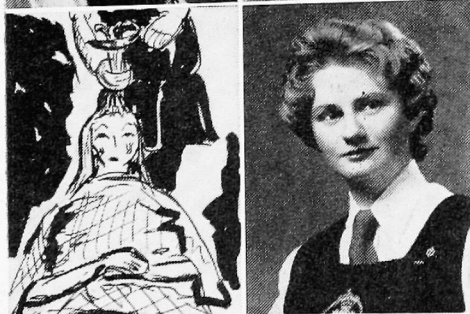


LUCINDA LYMAN—"Cindy"
Westmount, Quebec

Macdonald
1954-59

"Gentlemen prefer blondes."

Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current
Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.
Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House.
Favourite Pastime:—Using H₂O₂.
Ambition:—To weigh 105 lbs.
Pet Aversion:—Unanswered phone calls.

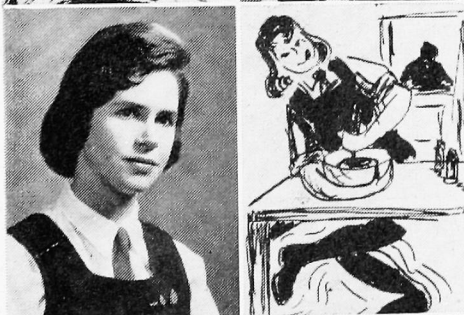


BARBARA MURRAY—"Barb"
Lennoxville, Quebec

Montcalm
1956-59

"Why take life seriously? You'll never get out of it alive."

Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior
Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.
Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Badminton.
Favourite Expression:—"I can't stand it!"
Ambition:—Archaeologist.
Probable Destination:—Being buried alive.



JENNIFER PARSONS—"Jen"
Little Compton, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

Montcalm
1953-59

"Get thee behind me Satan."

Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current
Events; Junior Red Cross; Form Captain IVA; Sports Captain VB;
Public Speaking VIA; Magazine Representative IVA.
Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-House.
Favourite Expression:—"Tell me how much fun we're having."
Pet Aversion:—People who ask which metropolis is smaller Compton or
Little Compton.



RUTH PEVERLEY
St. Andrews East, Quebec

Montcalm
1954-59

"A merry heart doeth good like medicine."

Form Captain VA, VIB; Head of Library Committee; Choir; Literature
Club; Dramatics; Producer of Matric Entertainment; Magazine
Committee VB-VIB; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross;
Public Speaking VIA; Sports Captain VB.
Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.
Ambition:—To own a motor scooter.
Probable Destination:—Miss Tricycle 1960.
Theme Song:—"Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered."

BONNIE PENHALE—"Bonsch"
Thetford Mines, Quebec

Rideau
1955-59

"Character is what we are; reputation is what people think we are."

Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Favourite Expression:—"What do we have now?"

Prototype:—Alvin.

Pet Aversion:—People who think my name is Bonstance.



PENELOPE THROSPY—"Penny"
South Lancaster, Ontario

Rideau
1955-59

"There are two sides to every argument—my side and the wrong side."

Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA; Sports Captain VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School.

Favourite Expression:—"There must be 99 ways."

Favourite Pastime:—Daydreaming.

Theme Song:—"Maybe Tomorrow."



PRUDENCE TROOP—"Jamey"
Toronto, Ontario

Macdonald
1956-59

"A fool is a man who is intelligent at the wrong time."

Head of Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Ambition:—To act on the stage.

Probable Destination:—Getting over that stage.

Theme Song:—"Mademoiselle de Paris."



WENDY WHITEHEAD—"Wen"
Montreal, Quebec

Montcalm
1953-59

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them."—I'm still waiting!"

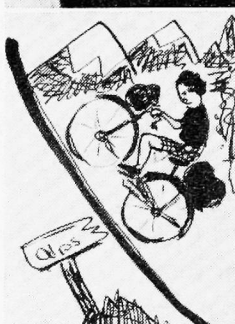
Form Captain VB; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Editor Per Annos; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-House; Soccer-School; Volleyball-School; Badminton.

Prototype:—Peter Rabbit.

Ambition:—Private Secretary.

Pet Aversion:—Bells!!



JOAN WRIGHT—"Wrong"
Westmount, Quebec

Macdonald
1956-59

"Sure I know what's going on. I just don't understand it."

Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking VIA.

Teams:—Basketball-School; Soccer-House; Volleyball-House.

Ambition:—To be a nurse.

Probable Destination:—Nursing home.

Pet Aversion:—People who tell me I'm off tune.



PAMELA WRIGHT—"Pam"
Saint John, New Brunswick

Rideau
1956-59

"What can you expect when a day begins with getting up in the morning."

Library Committee; Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Teams:—Volleyball-Form.

Prototype:—Chipmunk.

Favourite Pastime:—Chocolate-chocolate-chocolate.

Pet Aversion:—People who call my favourite perfume "cucumbers."



School Calendar

1958

School opened for the Christmas Term	Sept.	10
Appointment of the Prefects	Sept.	12
Matric Entertainment	Oct.	4
Thanksgiving Week-end	Oct.	11-14
Soccer Match—S.H.S. vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.	Oct.	18
Illustrated Talk on Diocese of the Arctic	Oct.	19
Soccer Match—B.C.S. vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.	Oct.	22
Soccer Match—K.H.C. vs. S.H.S. at Sherbrooke ..	Oct.	23
National Ballet in Sherbrooke	Nov.	1
Soccer Match—B.C.S. vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.	Nov.	4
Hallowe'en Supper	Nov.	7
Tea Dance at B.C.S.	Nov.	15
H.M.S. Pinafore	Nov.	21
Mrs. Carrington's visit and speech	Nov.	22
Volleyball Match—B.C.S. vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.	Nov.	26
Ann Taylor's report on Red Cross Meeting	Nov.	30
Miss Gillard's Birthday	Dec.	4
Early morning carols by Choir	Dec.	6
Nativity Play, Carol Service, Christmas Party ..	Dec.	7
School Closed for Christmas Vacation	Dec.	11

1959

School re-opened for Easter Term	Jan.	7
Piano Concert by Mr. Roubakine	Jan.	14
Choir sang at St. George's Anglican Church, Lennoxville ..	Feb.	1
Illustrated Talk on Gibb-MacFarlane Tour	Feb.	14
Performance by Shivaram, accompanied by Miss Lightfoot ..	Feb.	21
"Doll's House"—VI A	Feb.	22
"Saint Joan"—B.C.S.	Feb.	27
Concert by Miss Blaikie and Mr. Morgan	Feb.	28
"Riders to the Sea"—VI A	Mar.	1
Annual School Dance	Mar.	6
"Diary of Anne Frank" at U.B.C.	Mar.	7
Bishop's University Glee Club	Mar.	11
School closed for Easter Vacation	Mar.	18
School re-opened for Summer Term	Apr.	2
Red Cross Supper	Apr.	5
"Riders to the Sea" at Youth Festival	Apr.	11
Illustrated talk on India by Dr. C. Jackson	Apr.	12
Illustrated Talk on Wild Life at Night by Howard Cleaves ..	Apr.	17
Piano Recital by Miss Anna Macdonald	Apr.	19
Sugaring-off Party at Mr. and Mrs. Johann's	Apr.	20
Confirmation	May	2
"New School of Wives"—VI B	May	10
The Long Week-end	May	16-18
School Closing	June	4, 5

BISHOP MARSH

It is only in the last decade that the North has been thought of as part of Canada, instead of just a barren waste attached to the North American Continent. Now we realize the wealth of the deposits of minerals there and we recognize its importance as a defence base. Hence more white people and Eskimos are beginning to live and work together in modern communities. This is largely due to the efforts of such people as Bishop Bompas, Bishop Fleming, Bishop Stringer, and, of course, Bishop Marsh.

On November 16th Bishop Marsh paid us a visit and by means of his detailed slides took us on a tour of this wonderful North-Country. We saw such scenes as the new school in Aklavik, the towering grandeur of the banks of the MacKenzie against the blue sky, and the Eskimo catechist taking a service in the absence of an ordained minister. Bishop Marsh's diocese stretches a thousand miles from west to east and fifteen hundred miles from north to south. He is continually travelling—by dog-sled, ship, plane and even snow-mobile. Bishop Marsh told us stories of the Eskimos' complete trust in white people. If this trust, however, is broken it takes a long time to restore the faith of these child-like people.

Bishop Marsh's visit will be long remembered here at King's Hall, and we are looking forward to keeping our "date" with him in the Arctic in a few years time.

CHARLOTTE STEVENS, VI A.



MR. HOWARD CLEAVES'
"ANIMALS AND BIRDS AT NIGHT"

On Friday, April 8, we were very fortunate in having Mr. Howard Cleaves, the well-known photographer of wild-life visit us. After demonstrating some of his unusual photographic equipment, and explaining his technique for taking motion pictures in the night, he showed us his fascinating and colourful film of wild animals. Among the pictures were some excellent shots of the fox, skunk, deer, rabbit, various waterfowl, and other wild animals. These interesting pictures, as well as Mr. Cleaves' unique sense of humour and very good narrative powers, made the evening a most enjoyable one for all.

MARY MOLSON, VI B.

MRS. CARRINGTON'S VISIT

As always when an occasion arises to change the routine, we look forward to it; but when we are told that Mrs. Carrington is going to pay us a visit, we look forward to it with special enthusiasm because we know from experience how delightfully interesting her talks always are.

This year, Mrs. Carrington told us about the trip that she and the Archbishop took to England. Archbishop Carrington went to attend the Lambeth Conference being held in London, and Mrs. Carrington, like so many other wives, accompanied her husband. There were representatives at the conference from all corners of the globe, and we could picture the colourful and beautiful costumes as Mrs. Carrington vividly described them. While the men worked, the wives were not lacking entertainment for the Queen had a garden party in their honour. There were the famous London shops to visit, and the renowned places to see.

When asked for details of the conference itself, Mrs. Carrington told us that such topics as Church union, the Church's part in to-day's world situation, and the Church in India and Japan, were discussed.

As usual after a talk, we were allowed to ask questions. There is no need, I am sure, to say how much we enjoyed and appreciated the talk as our interest was shown in the number and variety of questions asked.

JUDY HOUSE VI A.

**CONCERT BY MCGILL STUDENTS**

On Saturday, February 28, we were entertained by two students from the McGill Conservatory of Music, Mr. George Morgan, tenor, and Miss Mary Blaikie, pianist. Miss Blaikie played selections from Domenico Scarlatti, Beethoven, Schumann, and Bartok. Besides, she accompanied Mr. Morgan when he sang a medley of folk songs and numbers by Henry Purcell, Schubert, and Ravel. Throughout the concert Mr. Morgan gave explanations which helped us to appreciate the music more thoroughly. The concert ended with an effective version of "Old Mother Hubbard," sung by Mr. Morgan. The performance was enjoyed by everyone and we hope that McGill Conservatory students will again give us the pleasure of another concert.

CHERRY BOWER, VI A.

DR. JACKSON'S ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

One day thirty-six years ago a teacher named Constance Jackson went into the district of Kongra in India. She found, however, when she visited the people that the sick were brought to her to receive medical attention. She realized then that she must have some knowledge of the diseases of India to help the poor in the way she had intended. Miss Jackson then went to the Ludhiana Medical College and received her degree.

Dr. Jackson paid us a visit on April 12th, and with the aid of slides, told us about her life and work in India. She said there are now seven clinics in the villages of the Kongra district and that in 1957 forty thousand patients came to receive medical aid. As one can see from these figures, Dr. Jackson's efforts have indeed been recognized.

Unlike the situation in China and Japan, very few people in any one year are converted to Christianity in India. At the age of twenty-one an Indian may choose his religion; however, if he becomes a Christian he may never again live in his father's house.

Dr. Jackson impressed upon us the need for teachers, nurses, and doctors in that country, and hoped that some of us would one day go out and help these people of India.

CHARLOTTE STEVENS, VI A.



THE BALLET

On the first of November a bus-load of girls left King's Hall to see The National Ballet of Canada at the Granada Theatre in Sherbrooke. They returned full of admiration for the dancers and their performance.

The matinee began with "Les Rendez-vous," a Ballet Divertissement in which the ballerinas appeared in lovely white dresses with red trimmings contrasting with the blue pants and white shirts of the men. "Lilac Garden" followed with the well-known Lois Smith as the bride-to-be, David Adams as her lover, and Donald Mahler as the man she must marry. In this touching and charming story the dancers communicated their emotions with such grace and feelings that one could not help pitying them in their sad plight. After "Lilac Garden" we were very well entertained by the amusing Act 4 of "The Nutcracker Suite." I know that all the girls were sorry when the matinee ended, but they are looking forward to seeing the Ballet again next year.

JANET BEATTIE, VI A.

SHIVARAM

Everyone was greatly anticipating the unusual event of having Shivaram, a Hindu temple dancer, perform for us, as he was certainly the first Hindu dancer to come to King's Hall. As we went into the Prep Hall on that night in February, we were at once swept into the strange hushed silence and dimmed lighting of an Oriental atmosphere. The performance began with an introduction from the dancer's interpreter and narrator, Miss Lightfoot. Though a native Australian, she wore a softly-coloured sari and sandals. She explained how she had first become interested in the Indian dance, and how Shivaram, wishing to travel and perform before foreign audiences, had asked her to help him accomplish this.

The Hindu proved to be a small, dark, and very flexible young man with long black hair and large striking eyes. Miss Lightfoot began by explaining how the Indian boys learn to dance, and what some of the various hand, face, and eye movements of the Kathikali dancing mean. The actual dances which were done in various most expressive costumes, included a kite dance, a snake-charmer's dance, a dance interpreting the words of a poem, a hermit's dance, and, as a beautiful climax, the dance of a peacock. All were performed to authentic Indian music. The audience was left speechless by the unique and fascinating dances.

JAMEY TROOP, Matric.



THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

Once again the Bishop's University Dramatic Club distinguished itself in a top-notch performance of "The Diary of Anne Frank." This was attended by VI A and Matric on March seventh.

We were introduced to the mood of the play at the beginning when the Star of David and the swastika were revealed on a black background and a record of Jewish music was played. The curtain opened and great applause was given the excellent reproduction of the authentic stage set—a hide-away for Jews in an Amsterdam warehouse during World War II. The expert lighting created an even more realistic effect.

Tony Vincent as Otto Frank, Susan Anglin as Mrs. Frank, Marie-Claude Meyer as Anne, and Antonia Mitchell as Margot gave a moving portrayal of the Frank family and their situation.

In the production of this play Bishop's has indeed scored a triumph.

JUDY BIGNELL, Matric.

"SAINT JOAN"

On Saturday, February 27, the Matrics and VI A's were fortunate enough to be able to attend Shaw's "Saint Joan." The play was presented by Bishop's College School, with the role of Joan being taken by Susan McCubbin of Lennoxville High School. The acting was vivid and extremely polished. An atmosphere of fifteenth century France was created by the unpretentious scenery, the very effective lighting, and the well-designed costumes.

The performance was carried off very smoothly before an attentive and appreciative audience.

**"H.M.S. PINAFORE"**

On November 21st we went to see "H.M.S. Pinafore" at Bishop's University. All the girls wishing to attend—and that included nearly all of us—were packed into buses. After singing our way over to Bishop's, we thoroughly enjoyed a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's best-known operetta. All the songs and choruses were sufficiently impressed on our minds to be rendered somewhat less tunelessly at following sing-songs back at King's Hall. We shall remember this outing as one of the most enjoyable evenings of the first term.

JANET SIMMS, VI A.

**THE ANNUAL SCHOOL DANCE**

The "Formal" this year was held on the night of February 6, and I am sure that all who attended will agree with me that it was a dance which will long be remembered as a great success. The VI A's can well be proud of the effect they achieved with their decorations. The setting chosen was a Oriental one, "An Inn of Many Lanterns." The Walls of the gym were hung with brilliantly coloured posters which announced the Chinese "Hit Parade." Multi-coloured lanterns were suspended from the ceiling, while even the people who served the refreshments were dressed in Chinese costume.

As well as our usual guests, B.C.S. upper school, the Senior class from Stanstead also attended the dance. This year there was no dearth of partners.

We all hope that the "Formals" of the future will be as enjoyable as this year's dance.

THANKSGIVING WEEK-END

The Thanksgiving week-end was looked forward to very eagerly by all because last year the holiday had to be postponed on account of the 'flu epidemic. Saturday was a beautiful "blue and gold" day with the sun shining on the autumn leaves. Everyone in the school went out for at least one of the three free days, thanks to the thoughtfulness of those parents who were able to come to Compton. Miss Gillard was also very kind when it came to cancelling a few order-marks for this special occasion.

Sunday was just as pleasant a day as Saturday. North Hatley was buzzing with Bishop's and Compton gatherings. There is usually a tea dance at Bishop's on Thanksgiving Monday, but this had to be postponed because a new gym was being built. In spite of this, however, the holiday seemed almost as enjoyable and successful as it has always been in the past. Of course we knew that the Bishop's tea dance would take place later. It did, as you will see in one of the other reports.

SUSAN HARSHAW, Matric.

**THE TEA DANCE**

On Saturday afternoon, November fifteenth, the annual tea dance took place. It was a little later in the season than usual because it had to wait until the new gymnasium at Bishop's College School had been completed. Having arrived at the school and having taken off our coats, we were escorted to the new building by the partner assigned to us. This system was introduced last year at the Formal and proved very successful. As no one had yet seen the interior of the building it was a thrill for all to enter it for the first time.

The dance started immediately, and the time passed very quickly. At six o'clock the supper dance was announced, after which everyone descended to the dining room where a delicious supper of sandwiches, cookies and cakes, tea, coffee and milk was quickly devoured.

After that we progressed upstairs where we were again entertained by the North Hatley band. Several dances, such as the Elimination Dance and the Multiplication Dance brightened the afternoon considerably. All had a good time and numerous sighs were heard when "God save the Queen" ended the dance. The girls regretfully said good-bye, bringing to a close the tea dance of 1959, a most successful one.

PAT McLEAN, VI A.

MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

A flash of red! That was Daphne bounding across the stage shouting "Variety is the spice of life." And variety was the theme of the '59 Matric Entertainment.

Following the **Toast to K.H.C.**, the pantomimed "Tale of Peggy Sue" provided much amusement. Then the lights dimmed and to the mysterious music of the Orient, Jamey Troop began to dance. This was followed by a Russian murder mystery—the villains failed to murder our Miss Keyzersnof. To the music of the **March of the Wooden Soldiers** alternating black and red figures marched on the stage and proceeded to dance the 'Can Can'. The failure of black stockings to hold up produced pink faces and much amusement. Relief showed plainly on certain faces as the curtains closed.

The Matrics sang their own version of several popular songs; these proved very popular with the audience. Miss Gillard was then called to the stage to receive her **Golden Record**. The final song was most effective—lyrics by Matrics to the lovely tune 'You'll Never Walk Alone'.

Good luck Matrics '59! Come back soon!

VI A SMALL



HALLOWE'EN

On November sixth, our gay and festive Hall-owe'en party was enjoyed by both Staff and girls. It began with the Hallowe'en Supper in the dining room, which had been decorated very cleverly and originally by Miss Dexter and some of the VI B's. Following the supper, a masquerade party was held in the Gym. Each Form had worked all week on costumes and skits; it was now time for the School to see the results. The variety was amazing. Some were there as black cats; a group did an interpretation of the record "Witch Doctor"; others were dressed to represent different colleges; some went as a pyjama party and others as Charleston dancers. A collection of green characters puzzled us until we realized that they were worms. Songs were sung, including that French Canadian favourite, "Alouette." Prizes were then given for the prettiest costume, the most original, and the funniest. The evening, full of fun and thoroughly enjoyed by all, came to an end with the singing of "Taps."

JOSETTE COCHAND, VI B.

CAROL SERVICE AND CHRISTMAS PARTY

In June one rarely thinks of Christmas! Yet, when the eye falls on the Magazine article reporting the Christmas Carol Service and party, bright pictures flood back to the mind. We remember the pageant in which the Three Kings humbly knelt before the Christ Child, the sweetness of the little page's voice and our surprise when what we thought was a backdrop parted, revealing singing angels dressed in white. This pageant was put on by the Junior School directed by Miss Hewson.

The French carols sung by each Form gave us an international feeling of kinship with all nations celebrating the birth of Christ. After the polished and beautiful anthems of the choir the school moved down the candle-lit passage, which was lined by robed choir members, and into the lounge to the music of an organ, a piano, and a flute, played respectively by Mrs. Aitken, Miss Macdonald, and Miss Wallace.

The lounge had been decorated by the VI A's with pine boughs and with posters wishing all a Merry Christmas in five different languages. The Matrics entertained us with skits and clever dialogue until down the chimney came Santa himself! He had presents in his bag and his helpers rhymes for all the Staff. As we finish by picturing the happy group of girls, the choir, the performers, the musicians, the Staff and the guests singing carols around the tree our minds fade back to the present. It is not really so difficult to think of December in June when one has memories like these.

ALIX PALK, VI A.



THE DOLL'S HOUSE

On Sunday evening, February 22, four girls presented a condensed version of Ibsen's "The Doll's House." Jamey Troop was outstanding as Norah, and Joan Corry, Judy House, and Janet Beattie were very convincing as Torvald, Mrs. Linden, and Krogstad respectively. The play is set in Norway in the late nineteenth century and is an interesting and vivid portrayal of human relationships, and the position of women in that era.

The scenery and costumes were very well done and deserve special mention. "The Doll's House" was begun last year, but so much time was lost during the flu epidemic that the production had to be cancelled. However, we all enjoyed it immensely this year, and many thanks go to the actresses and behind-scenes helpers for an excellent production.

LYN CARTER, Matric.

"RIDERS TO THE SEA"

On the evening of March 1, a group of accomplished actresses from VI A produced "Riders to the Sea," an Irish tragedy by Synge.

This play tells the story of an old woman, a fisherman's widow (Alix Palk), who had lost her husband and five sons at sea. She tries, when the play opens, to persuade her last son (Dione Newman) not to venture out fishing. However, the two daughters (Cynthia Gordon and Charlotte Stevens) both feel that he should go. Fishing is his life's work. He leaves, and in a short time meets the fate of the others.

The minor roles were played by Diana Stewart, Margot McMurrich, Heather Grant, Bonnie Ross, and Sherrill Norcross.

The acting was so good that the tragic atmosphere vital to the play was fully communicated to the audience. The Irish dialect was extremely well done and added greatly to the atmosphere.

The scenery deserves special mention. As the curtain rose we found ourselves in a typical Irish cottage, with fishing nets strung along the weathered walls and a view through the half-door of a stormy sea with the spray flying, as great waves broke on a jagged coast. An old wood stove, a peat-loft, and some clothes hanging on pegs at the back gave an air of authenticity. I have never seen scenery so well-done or so realistic in any King's Hall play. The artists responsible were Penny Ayre, Anne Smith, and Joan Corry, under Miss Dexter's direction.

Many thanks to Miss Prosser and all her cast for a very moving and memorable performance.

This play received second place in the Youth Drama Festival at Sherbrooke on April 18, with Alix Palk winning the award as the best actress in the Festival.

DIXI LAMBERT, Matric

**VARIETY SHOWS**

This year VI A arranged a Variety Show on January 23rd for the entertainment of the school. Three weeks later, the VI B class put on a similar performance. As each girl and staff entered the Prep Hall, she was required to contribute fifteen cents towards the Red Cross.

Since the girls were allowed only one rehearsal for the jokes and the "take-offs" on television programmes, nobody expected a perfect production, but everyone really did have a good laugh, especially the actresses.

GAY BELL, VI B.

MISS MACDONALD'S CONCERT

This year we again realized how fortunate we are to have such an accomplished pianist among us as Miss Macdonald. The recital on April 19th was memorable for the thoughtful interpretation and the well-controlled technique which Miss Macdonald showed in her varied programme.

Bach opened the evening, in traditional fashion, with the smooth, gentle Choral Preludes "Mortify us by Thy Grace" and "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"; the dignified atmosphere was then dispelled by an "Aria" by Leo—a delightful little piece of nonsense in which the delicate tinkle of the spinet was well captured. Then followed two brilliant Scarlatti Sonatas, excellent examples of his music. The main work of the evening was the magnificent Mendelssohn "Prelude, Fugue and Chorale." This tremendous composition left the audience spellbound by the sheer beauty of the music.

The second half of the programme opened with "L'homme de colère"; then a sensitive, personal version of Debussy's well-known "La Cathédrale Engloutie" and the amusing "Chat et la Souris" by the contemporary American composer Aaron Copland. Matthay's "Elves" and Santoliquido's "Arabian Dancer" led the final group to a thrilling performance of the Liszt "Polonaise" in E Major.

Miss Macdonald's introductory remarks about each piece added much to the interest and enjoyment of the evening, and the audience was very reluctant to let her go after the two short encores. We extend our deep gratitude to "our" pianist for the countless hours spent in preparation and look forward to another wonderful evening next year.

**FRENCH PLAYS AND POEMS**

Once every term under the direction of Madame Landes the Juniors put on a group of small plays, which are done with great finish and charm. Among our favourites are "La Cloture" and "Les Lunettes Pour Lire."

At the same time a few girls from each of the Junior Forms and also from V A and VI B recite poems which they have learned by heart. Not only do these recitations help the individual with her pronunciation, but they also test our comprehension of the language, and train our ear. We all enjoy these French evenings and appreciate the time and effort which make them possible.

ANN SMITH, VI A

THE PIANO RECITAL

Shortly before the Christmas holidays some of the music students gave the school a most enjoyable piano recital, under the direction of Miss Macdonald and Miss Hewson.

Following the recital certificates were presented to those who had the last year's examinations in theory and piano. Many thanks are due to all those who participated in the performance and made the evening such a success.

FRANCINE BIELER, VI B.



THE CHOIR REPORT

The Choir has gained several members this year, whom we "old-timers" are very happy to welcome and who we hope will get as much pleasure from the singing as we have done. A beneficial addition was a "third-part," or tenor. This tenor adds volume to the singing and we all agree that it is worth continuing.

With this innovation we started, in the first term, on the three Christmas anthems, "Hark! How the Bells," "Joy to the World," and a "Croon Carol" which we later sang at the Carol Service. After this service, held in the Prep. Hall, the Choir in their robes lined the glass passage and by the light of their candles sang carols as the Staff and the rest of the school went through to the lounge for the Christmas party.

On the last Saturday of the Christmas term the Choir arose at six-forty and went carolling. This is an event looked forward to by all, especially the Choir! Now we of the Choir would like to take the opportunity of thanking Mrs. Aitken for the delicious breakfast—with the beautiful decorations—which she arranged for us when we came in.

The most interesting event of the winter term was the trip to Lennoxville to sing in St. George's Church. There we sang the anthem from the "Elijah," "Lift Thine Eyes." After the service we were the guests at lunch of the ladies of St. Marcia's Guild. For all the Choir members this was indeed a memorable day.

Now to the most important part of the Choir—Miss Macdonald. Throughout the year Miss Macdonald has patiently taught us the hymns, the psalms, and the special anthems. Without her there just would not have been a Choir! So, many thanks, Miss Macdonald, from the Choir of 1958-59.

SUSAN HANSON, Matric.

RED CROSS REPORT

Although King's Hall girls have been sewing for the Red Cross for many years, it is only within the last two years that we have had much organization or much real understanding of what Red Cross means. I gained a completely new conception of it when I went to the High School Junior Red Cross Conference in Montreal on November the twenty-second. The conference was attended by forty students representing the different schools of Quebec Province. I was very much impressed with their knowledge of the Red Cross work in general and their enthusiasm for it. At this conference, I had to give a speech on "What We Do," in which I explained how the Red Cross was organized here at King's Hall.

The following week, Miss Gillard asked me to give the girls here a report of the meeting. The report contained a brief outline of the events of the day, and then I tried to express to them the feeling they should have towards the Red Cross: that it should not be a thing that they are obliged to give to or work for, but that they should support voluntarily in order to help others.

At the beginning of the second term, Miss How, director of the Junior Red Cross Branch in Montreal, very kindly sent us two movies. One was "Red Cross Work," and showed how they collect various articles and pack them to be sent to the needy all over the world; the other was "The Life of a Cerebral Palsey Child." This was extremely interesting because it showed the latest types of treatment which have been developed.

Shortly after this, I asked the girls if they thought it would be a nice idea for us to raise enough money to be able to buy a brace for a crippled child. It was unanimously decided that we should do this. Nearly every Form thought of some method of raising money. For instance, the VI A's and VI B's put on a Variety Show after Prep on two Friday nights to which they charged admission. The two classes together earned \$32.51. The V B's paid a small admission fee to their weekly Red Cross sewing group, while the IV B's put five cents into a box every time they got a minus. In this way the IV B's collected \$1.50 and the V B's \$11.00.

In one of our meetings someone suggested that we should have a fudge and cookie sale. A few weeks later the sale was held down in the cooking Lab. All the fudge and cookies had been made the week before by the Forms which had Home Economics classes. Everyone worked extremely

hard on this, and the out-turn was terrific. Even one of the Staff donated a batch of what she called "special" fudge! Everything was sold, and altogether we made \$59.07.

While these extra events were going on, each person in the school was making as many garments as possible, or stuffing animals, or making scrap-books. The Junior Forms and also V A and VI B met once a week with their Form Mistresses, while the VI A's and Matrics worked independently when they found time. Most of the clothes made in the regular Household Science classes were also donated. We are more than grateful to Mademoiselle Dostie, who supervised the work, advised us, and also helped us to organize the whole Red Cross effort. Each girl was also asked to knit a five-inch square. These squares are now being sewn together into an afghan which will be sent to Montreal along with the other things. By the end of the second term the bulk of the Red Cross work had been completed.

On April 5, the first Sunday of the last term, the annual Red Cross Supper was held. For a change this year, we charged an admission fee of one article for a ditty bag. Many of the girls brought more than their allotted item. Because of this and help from the Staff, we have been able to put together thirty-six ditty bags to be sent to the Red Cross center in Montreal to help towards the eight hundred bags Quebec is pledged to send overseas this year. At the supper, the dining-room as usual was decorated beautifully, with white table cloths, red carnations, and candles. The menu as always, was delicious. Thanks to Mrs. Aitken, this portion of the evening went off very well indeed.

After supper all the girls and Staff collected in the lounge where the Form Captains brought up to Miss Gillard all the things their Forms had made, and Miss Gillard held each article up separately for everyone to see. There was a great assortment of things handed in, varying from tiny knitted booties to large sweaters, and from baby clothes to children's frilly dresses and skirts. Everything was finished off beautifully and was clean and fresh, ready to be sent away immediately.

At the end of the evening we raffled off a picture, "A Kneeling Figure," drawn by Susan Brainerd, which Miss Gillard had had beautifully framed. Instead of drawing in the usual way for this, we made everyone sit in suspense until the last name was drawn. Marilyn Cowie was the lucky winner. From this raffle V A earned the grand sum of \$31.92. The total amount we had at this point was \$136.00.

We had intended to buy a brace with this money, but on learning more about the new Heart-Lung Apparatus needed at the Montreal Children's Hospital, we decided that, if our money went towards that, we would be helping a number of people rather than only one by the brace.

Sometime during the last term we hope to have another raffle and perhaps a White Elephant sale, but if we are not able to do so, these events can lead off next year's Red Cross work.

In closing I should like to thank all the girls on the Red Cross Committee, Betty Jane Punnett IV A, Janet Burgoyne V B, Kathy Stewart V A, and Linda Fraser VI B. Without them the Red Cross this year would not have been nearly as successful. In thanking them, I should also like to express my special thanks to Susan McMaster, the secretary, because without her, I should have been at a total loss; she was my right hand man all the way.

I should also like to wish the best of luck to next year's president. I know she will enjoy her job as much as I have done, because all the girls here are so willing to work towards such an important cause as the Junior Red Cross.

Variety Shows.....	\$32.51	V B's contr'n.	\$11.00
Fudge & Cookie Sale	59.07	V A's raffle...	31.92
IV B's contribution.	1.50	Total.....	\$136.00

ANN TAYLOR, Matric.



LIBRARY REPORT

The Library Committee received a number of new members this year, largely from VI A, although a few came from VI B. After Christmas the committee unanimously decided that the library should be opened every night from 8:15 to 8:30 rather than twice a week as had been done previously. This seems to have encouraged reading throughout the school. A list was kept each night of the borrower and the book. Thus the whereabouts of the books could be checked easily.

As always, the Matrics withdrew from the committee at Christmas. The retiring executives, Ruth Peverley, Wendy Whitehead and Jamey Troop were replaced by two VI A's, Marilyn Cowie and Cynthia Gordon.

We should like to thank all the members of the committee for their cheerful and efficient co-operation, and we also appreciate the time so many of the younger girls gave to that tiresome book-mending task. We hope that many of you will join the committee when you reach VI B.

MARILYN COWIE, VI A.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

If you want to find a busy and cheerful place at King's Hall, you'll go down to Mademoiselle Dostie's Lab. There on almost any day of the week from half-past eight in the morning until a quarter past three in the afternoon you will discover girls cutting out, or else leaning over the cutting tables to learn how to follow patterns; you will see others practising at the sewing machines or ironing the garments they have finished. Some days the Lab will be devoted to cooking. Then you will be offered a professional-looking sandwich or a cookie hot and crunchy from the oven. Just before the Red Cross Supper you would think you were in an up-to-date dress shop, from the display of beautifully made dresses, skirts, blouses, undercloths, and knitted articles waiting to be donated to the Red Cross. All these things had been made in the regular Household Science classes. Every girl in the school from VIA to VIB has one hour a week of Household Science.

In addition to these regular classes a more extensive course is given to those wishing to specialize in Household Science. These girls work away quietly for many hours each day. It is only when they put on a formal dinner or luncheon that the rest of the school realizes what proficient housekeepers they are becoming. It is from this group, too, that the costume committees are recruited when plays are being produced.

All the girls who take Household Science and those who benefit from their work are indebted to Mademoiselle Dostie for the enthusiasm which makes the classes so successful.



SENIOR CURRENT EVENTS

Since the excellent programme "News Magazine" has been presented on TV every Sunday evening, the Senior Current Events group has been meeting at that time. After the programme we have stayed in the lounge where Miss Morris has discussed the various items and problems brought up by Gordon Burwash, and where we have taken full advantage of the question period. We have enjoyed and benefited from the sessions so much that we hope they will be continued next year.



VI B CURRENT EVENTS

Every Thursday evening after Prep the VI B's have Current Events. We gather in the lounge with Mrs. Doering who first reads us her news-letter from

England. When she has completed this, we ask our questions. If there is any remaining time we discuss events we may not have understood. Current Events proves very interesting and helps us understand what is going on in the busy world around us.

JUDY ARCHER, VI B.

ART CREDITS

- 1—"Abstract Design" by Brooke Barrett, VI B
- 2—"Jazz"—Water Color by Gale Davis
- 3—"Galloping Horse"—Tempera by Elizabeth Hampson, V A
- 4—"Christmas Story"—Spontaneous Sketch by Susan Brainerd, V A
- 5—"The View"—Imaginative Water Colour by Rosalind Punnett, VI A



ART REPORT

On entering the Art Room one is struck by the exciting display of paintings on the wall. This year, more than ever before, imaginative and spontaneous art has made its impact on many interested students, with very satisfying results. Everyone, I think, has enjoyed a little dip into abstract art.

A committee consisting of Lorna Murray, Joan Howard, and Gale Davis has been choosing a "picture of the week" to be hung downstairs in the hall. This new idea is very popular, as many people who do not usually see the work of the Art Room are now able to do so.

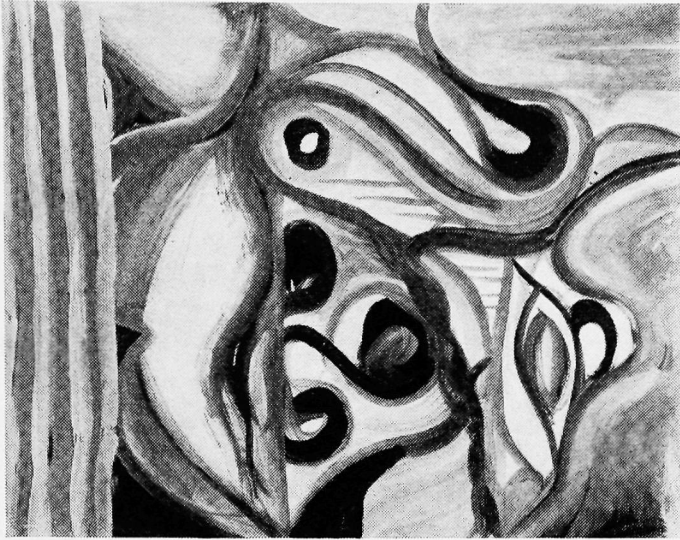
We wish to offer many, many congratulations to Susan Brainerd. She won a first prize in an international junior art contest sponsored by Prime Minister Nehru of India, and had the honour of being presented with her prize by the High Commissioner of India himself.

Several pictures of old and modern masters have been added to the Art Room Library and have brought enjoyment and inspiration to us all.

Extra activities such as making scenery, posters, and decorations have continued as usual. The decorations for the Dance showed a definite growth in planning and executing a large-scale Art project with maturity and beauty. The Art Studio is seldom empty between the hours of half-past eight in the morning and nine o'clock at night.

We owe much gratitude to Miss Dexter, who has led on Compton's group of ardent artists, including twelve who are planning to try for the McGill matriculation. This year has been an exciting and progressive one.

GALE DAVIS, Matric.



1



2



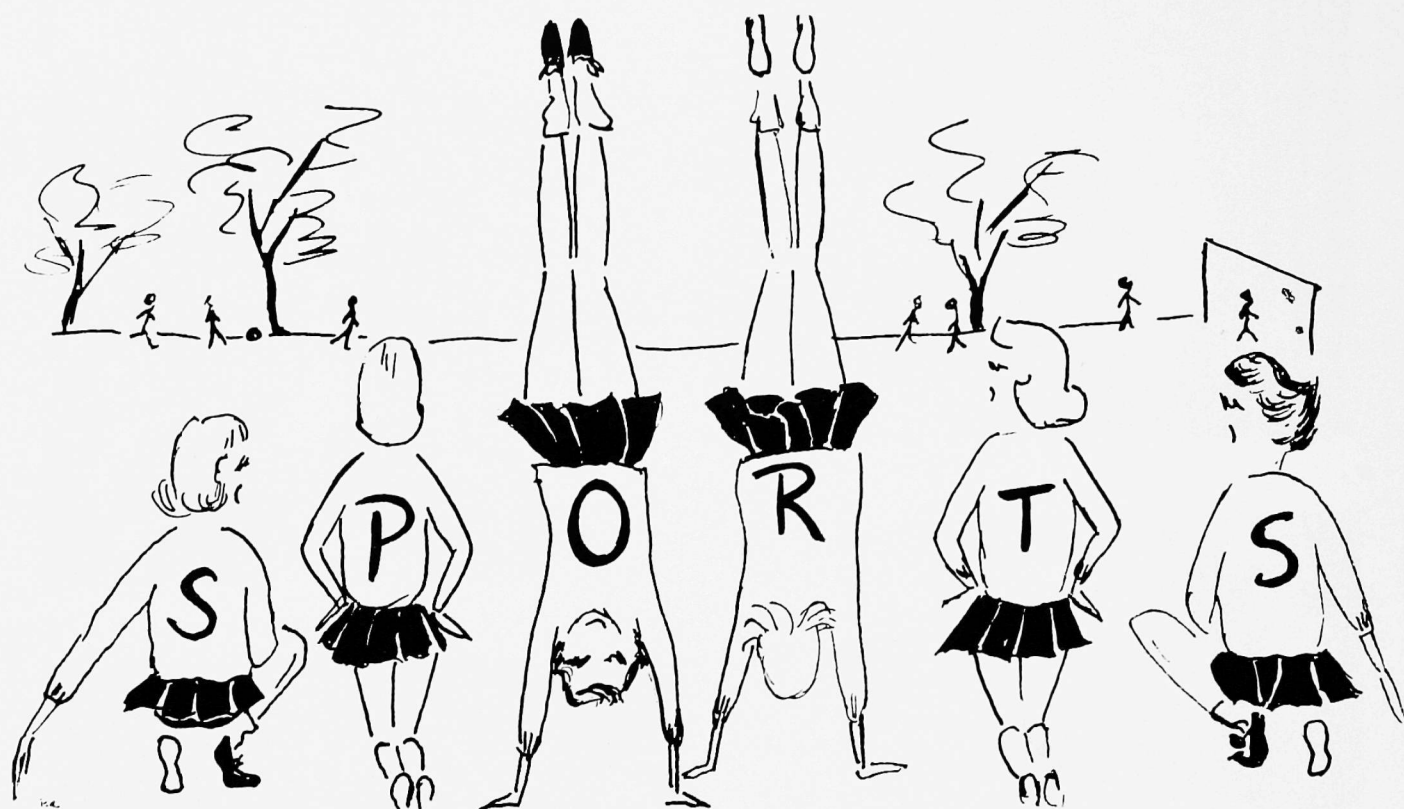
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5



SPORTS CAPTAINS' REPORT

Once more, "ardent sport's fans," our year has drawn to a close. The enthusiasm and co-operation shown in all sports was greatly appreciated by the School and Form Sports Captains.

The soccer season was excellent. Good weather enabled us to practise most afternoons. On behalf of all who played we wish to thank Miss Keyzer and Mr. Roberts for their perseverance in training us.

This winter, instead of concentrating on basketball and volleyball we turned our attention to the ski slopes. Special thanks go to all the Staff who gave their free time to take us on many an afternoon jaunt to Hillcrest. Unfortunately, plans for skiing on Windy were ruined by an early thaw. For the non-skiers, a spacious rink was built on the eastern end of the new soccer field. Because there had been no skating last year we were all glad to get back on the ice.

Although many signed up for badminton, it took

prodding to get people to play their games. We feel, however, that those participating in the tennis tournaments are more eager to play. Even though the tennis season is shorter, keen interest promises better results.

For May we are planning a swimming meet and a track meet. We have never had a track meet before, but a team is being selected and pits dug for the broad and high jumps.

In spite of occasional groans when House games were mentioned, it was impossible to suppress the cheers that each House gave its teams when the games were actually being played. At this moment—as the Magazine goes to press—Macdonald is slightly ahead of the other Houses in sports, but it will be June before we know for certain which House has won the shield.

We all wish to thank Miss Fogo for giving so much of her time to teaching us new games and helping us to improve the old ones.

JUDY AND JANET

SKIING AND SKATING

The winter of '58-'59 has been a really old-fashioned one. Sub-zero temperatures and heavy snow-falls have made ideal conditions for skiing. On almost every afternoon the girls and some of the Staff practised their skill on the natural hills which surround the school. On four days of each week of the second term a bus-load went over to Hillcrest where the more experienced had scope for their skiing abilities and the less experienced had the benefit of an instructor's advice.

We were especially fortunate also in having a new rink at the north end of the "new" soccer field. (The old rink has been turned into a deep pool).

The girls wish to express their thanks to the Staff who supervised their trips to Hillcrest, to all the men who worked so hard to keep a good smooth ice-surface, and to Mrs. Aitken who gave of her time so generously to provide music over the loud speaker.

SUSAN MCARTHUR, VI B.



TENNIS REPORT

On account of our Easter holidays being earlier in the season than usual this year tennis did not begin on the first day of the Spring term; however, very soon afterwards the courts were dry (except for a few annoying puddles and the odd snow bank!) Right away they were filled with enthusiastic players practising for the tournaments. This year, thanks to Judy and Janet, the tournaments were organized early and began almost at once. Nobody ever asks for more than enthusiasm and good sportsmanship in players, and we have both. Unfortunately, this report has to be in before the finals are completed—but we all wish good luck to the players, and may the best man win!

SUSAN HARSHAW, Matric.

BADMINTON

Again this year there was great enthusiasm for badminton as players from each House strove to out-do their opponents. Both Senior and Junior singles were won by Rideauites, Virginia Nichols winning the Senior and Joan Wightman the Junior. The Senior doubles was won by Mary Molson and Jill Rowan-Legg, with Montcalm and Rideau sharing the honours, and the junior doubles by Suann Cross, Macdonald, and Cheryl Lumiere, Montcalm. Congratulations to the winners and to those who lost, "Better luck next time."

JUDY HOUSE, VI A.



BASKETBALL

During this cold sunny winter we spent so much time on the ski hills and the skating rink that we played less basketball than usual. The Gym classes did provide some practice, however, while two inter-Form games were played—VI B versus VI A, and VI B versus Matric. As a result of these games the VI B's are now the "champions."



THE SOCCER REPORT

This soccer season was a full and eventful one. Our team, of eleven regular members and five substitutes, played four games. For the first time we played with the Girls' Soccer Team of the Sherbrooke High School. Both the game here at King's Hall and the return match in Sherbrooke were keenly contested and enjoyed. The matches with the B.C.S. Prep. Team and the Senior Soccer Team proved very interesting also; their teams were expert, stealing both games.

In addition to the regular team games we had numerous House and Form matches, besides games in the afternoons in which everyone could join. The spirit was indeed keen this past season. We'll hope for the same next year.

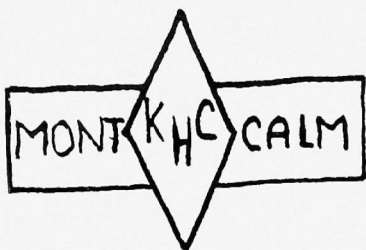


SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

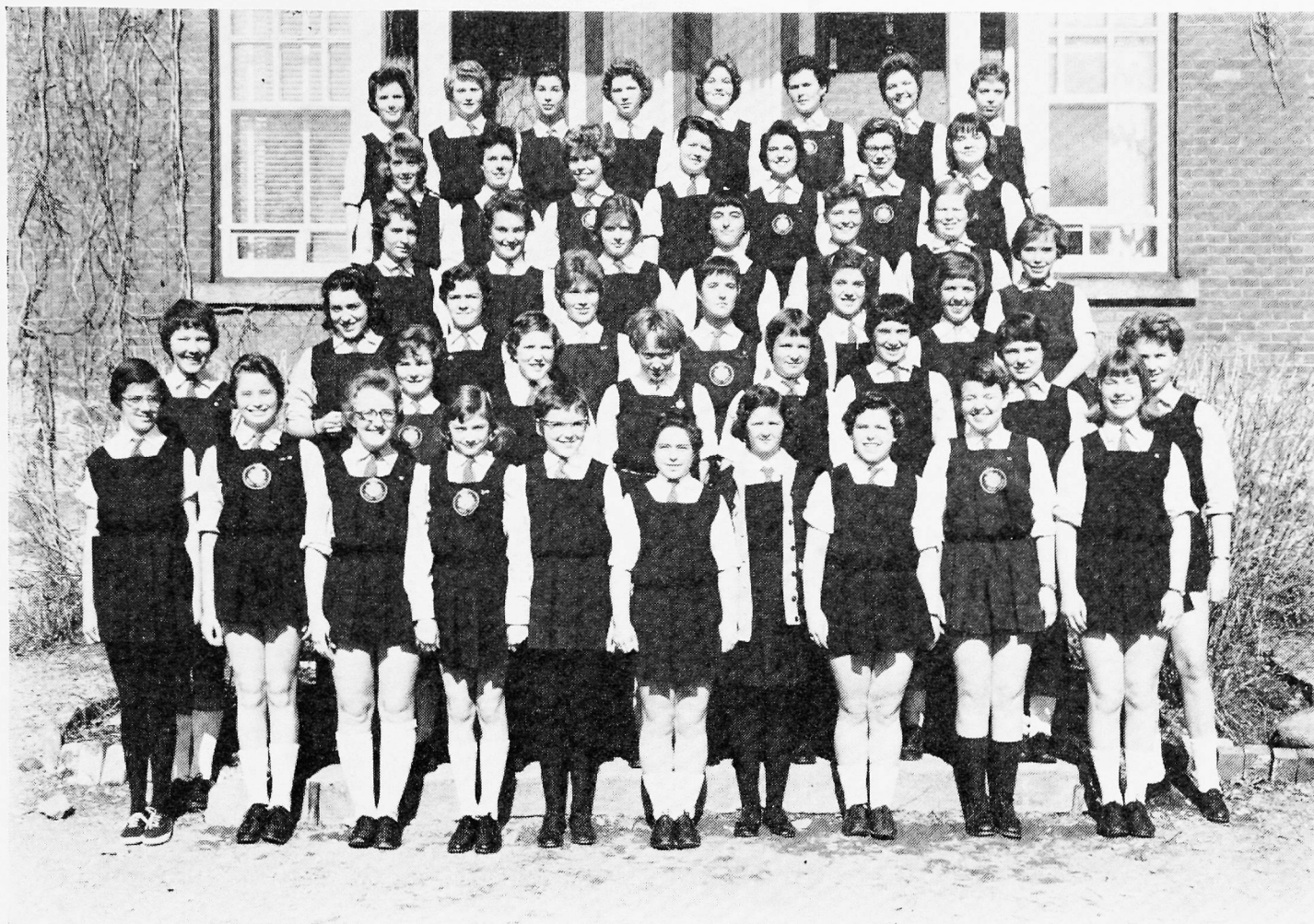
W. Whitehead, A. Taylor, B. Shannon,
D. Duncanson, J. Bignell.

C. Gordon, S. Hanson, S. Morris,
P. Throsby, L. Murray.

Absent—R. Peverley.



Autographs



MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

Dear Montcalmites,

Let's cheer for the House with the pale blue tie,
And never let that spirit die;
You've worked for a goal throughout the year
With many a shout and seldom a tear.
We've had good weeks and bad ones too,
But you've struggled to show what you can do.
In meetings we've had some hilarious fun
With Murph in hysterics at my efforts to pun.
We've also had the more serious kind
When we've slipped and let ourselves get behind.
But I know you've all tried hard to keep
Montcalm on the top each and every week.
In sports and in House games you've all done
your best

Whether winner or loser you've always had zest.
And whether in June there's a shield to show
You've supported you House to the utmost,
I know.

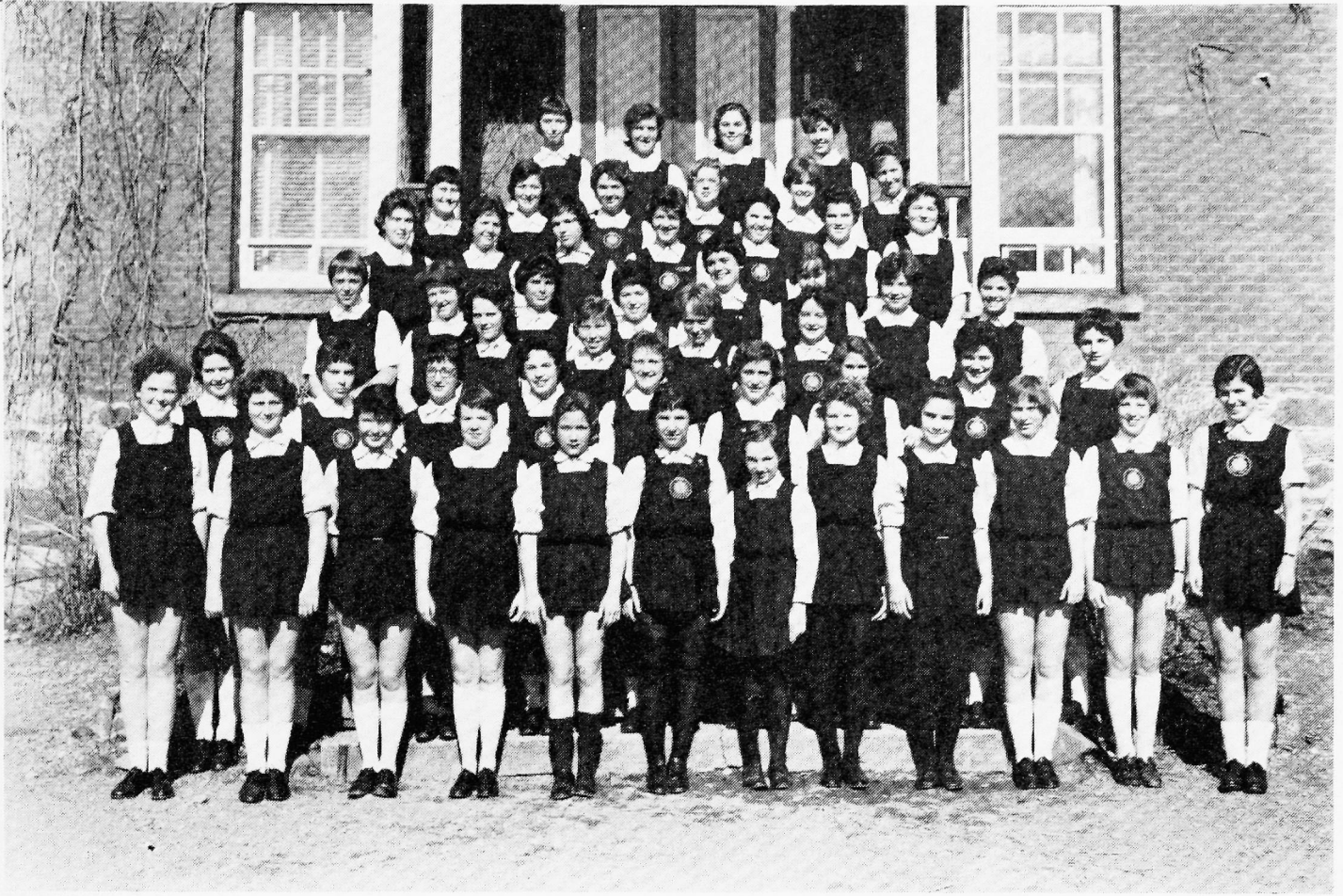
Before I close I want to say how very pleased I was to be the Head of Montcalm and how proud I am—and always will be—of you all. To the Prefects of next year I wish all the happiness and success in the world. I hope you will remember our motto and keep up your fighting spirit in the years to come. Now, as Tiny Tim once said, "God bless us, every one."

With love,

DIXI.



Autographs



MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

Given:—47 girls with one thing in common—
Spirit!

Required:—To prove that they're Macdonald.

Proof:—We've loved being your Prefects! Everyone has tried and although it hasn't always been easy or rewarding, we know that you have done your best and that's all we ever wanted. Some of you may be mischievous, and some may not be natural athletes—nevertheless you've tried in work and also in sports. We hope that next year's Prefects can be as proud of Macdonald as we are!

Keep striving and remember

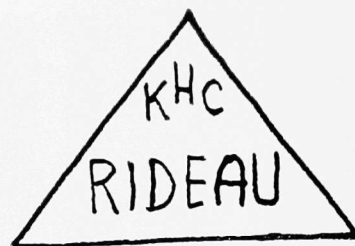
“GOLD NEVER TARNISHES !”

Love and luck,

SHIRLEY AND LYN

RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

R—is for Rideau
 I —is for Ideals
 D—is for Dauntless
 E—is for Enthusiasm
 A—is for Ardour
 U—is for US!



Autographs

Dear Rideau,

Someone once said "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive." As yet we do not know whether we have arrived, but we certainly have travelled hopefully!

Now it is customary to say—we've had the good weeks and the bad weeks too!—but since we've only had the good weeks (!) we won't bother saying the above (naturally!).

We've been thinking (yes, strange as it may seem, we have) and there is one thing that stands out in our minds that is so typical of this our motley but never-say-die group.

We'll take you back to the first Happy Sunday—there you were, all your beaming little faces looking anxiously up, waiting, just waiting for us to make some scandalous boob, (there have been lots of them, haven't there?) or for us to hurry and get the preliminaries over with—your spirit was getting the better of you!

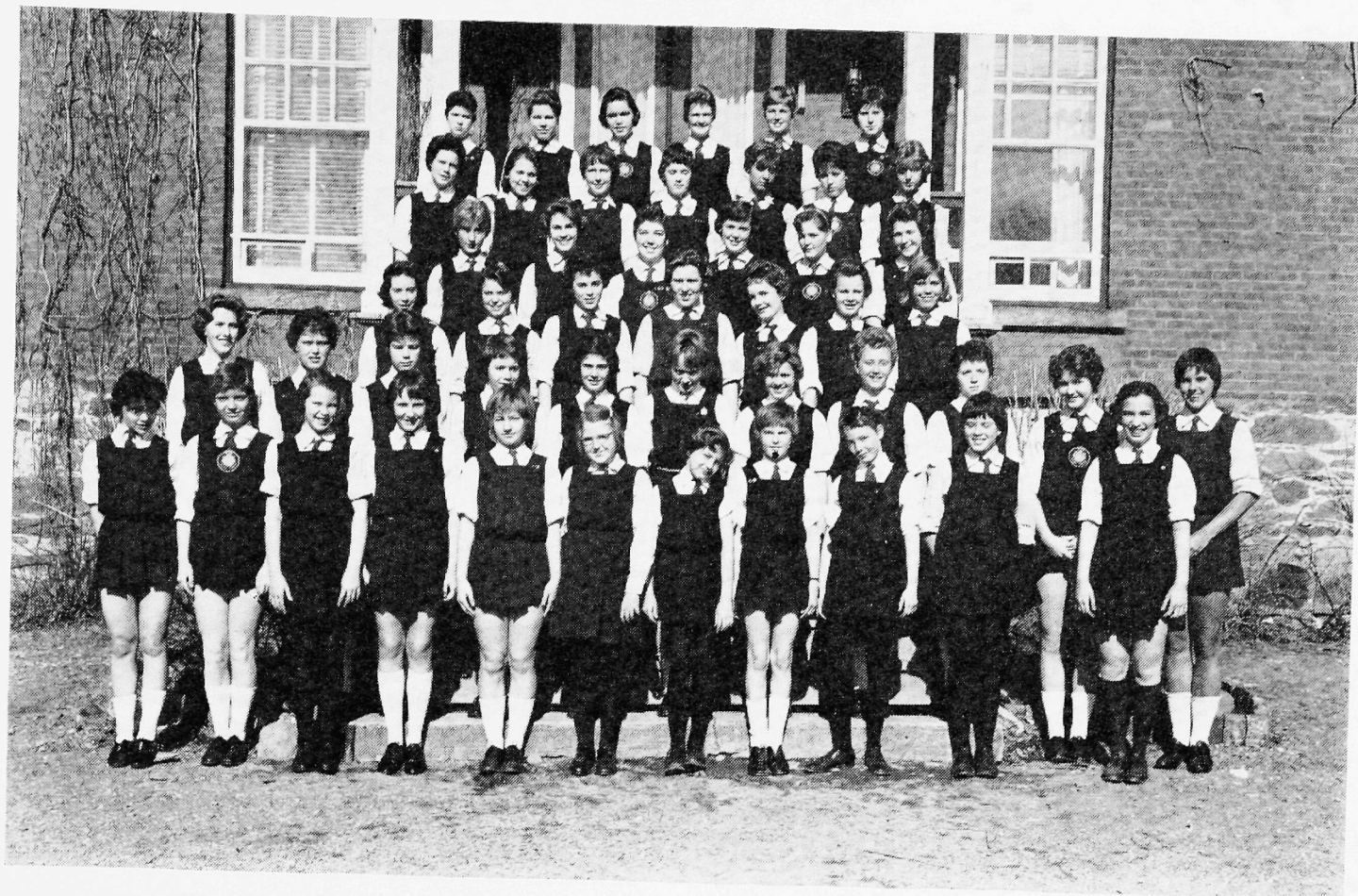
Then the great moment arrived, everyone rose swiftly from the desks, little fists tightly clenched on the end of furiously waving arms, we thought for sure when the inevitable cheer came the whole building would collapse—but what happened??? Half of us couldn't even spell R-I-D-E-A-U-!! As for the poor new girls, they were nearly bounced out into the field with all the fierce jumping that our cheer involves. However, we meant well! and so went the year, all of us happy in our plight!

"The time has come the Walrus said," (He didn't really, but that is a minor detail) "when all good things must come to an end."

This, dear Rideau, is where we'd like to regain our dignity and thank you, all forty-seven of you, for the complete support, unceasing loyalty, and most of all for the treasured memories you have given us. We sincerely hope that next year you will be equally terrific—and so with all the love in the world we wish you and next year's Prefects good luck.

God Bless You,

DAPH AND JUDY.



Autographs

Form Reports

MATRIC PERSONAL GLANCES

1. In the third row, third seat from the back sits JUDY BIGNELL who tries to make believe that she is always studying hard. From under her rough book can be seen two sheets of blue paper and little does she know that someone is watching her as she reads these two pages over and over.

2. Not many people are aware that in room 23 lives a human; although petite, she can outsing anybody on this terra firma. Her sweet shrill is constantly buzzing around the school, but if SHIRLEY MORRIS were to sing on key everybody would faint.

3. Guess who's taking up racing? Zrooom—and around the oval comes a little black "spright" with two white stripes known as the "skunk." Need I say more—for sitting there in the suicide seat is KATE REED.

4. Almost everyone knows that a "red head" is a sign of a quick temper but for a certain DIXI LAMBERT, her red hair is a symbol of forgetfulness. It seems that one night Miss Lambert walked into her bed chamber, and calmly asked her room-mate what she was doing in her room. The astonished victim (nameless) quietly reminded Dixi of her situation.

5. One of Compton's outstanding soccer players, BEV SHANNON lost all her equilibrium when she turned against her team and with a mighty boot, kicked the ball into our goal. It was during a hard and fast game against our main rivals—B.C.S., and this action made her a favourite with the opposing team—for at that point in the game, Bishop's was losing!

6. Not many people are lucky to receive such a symbol of esteem as did CINDY LYMAN shortly after her return from the Easter holidays—when a large package was handed to her one night. On opening this curious box she found a dozen red roses; we have no idea who they were from, but they had a definite message—as all red roses do!

7. Drivers beware—rumours have it that a Comptonite PENNY THROSBY intends to get her driving licence this summer. This is a very serious situation as the last time she got behind that wheel she tore up the next door neighbour's garden. But the question is—how to stop her?

8. It is a known fact that ELAINE AUDET finds it terribly difficult to squeeze all her belongings into a few suitcases. Her trip abroad this summer will be a great misery if she can only bring one suitcase, and in that case, anyone who thinks she knows how to pack systematically might be a great asset to Elaine's happiness in years to follow.

9. As many people know, the cupboard is an excellent and private refuge in which to read at night. For some however, it seems a great task to prepare oneself. GALE DAVIS is no exception to the above. After sitting in the closet for at least five minutes, the bewildered girl opened the door and got into bed. When her room-mate asked why she did not read longer, Gale replied that she couldn't see in the cupboard. Why?—no flashlight!

10. All Paris will be thrown out of its usual routine when ROSEMARY CHRISTENSEN arrives next autumn with flying colours. There have been great discussions about Rosie and her life there but she has not said a thing to any of us. Why the secrecy?

11. No one is unaware of the fact that HELEN GIBB-CARSLEY has been down south, but such a dark tan must be from that glorious sun! Thanks Helen for bringing back your Florida rays so that we could all share it.

12. Does anyone want to train his poodle? If so go to ELIZABETH PRICE who will start from scratch and tell you all the details on how to train your dog. Good luck Liz in your field of dogs, but be careful because they always say "a dog takes after its mistress."

13. Miss WENDY WHITEHEAD was thrilled when she heard the news of her trip to Europe this summer and wherever she was, the topic of conversation was Europe! After seeing a number of slides of the tour Wendy calmly asked if motor-bikes were available in Germany. We wish her luck, for if it tires her to watch people bicycling, we can imagine how she will feel doing it!

14. Fire drill is many people's pet peeve, but for NANCY GLASS the whole thing is just one big nuisance. During one of these hazardous moments Nancy managed to rip apart a skirt (thought to be a dressing-gown) and grab a flashlight out of the hands of some unexpectant staff, who came around to see if everyone was out of her room. She is learning now to control her unco-ordination at those times, but we hope that she will be spared from fire drills during her future life.

15 and 16. They say that two wrongs don't make a "wright" and the converse of this is certainly true. When JOAN and PAM WRIGHT get together in the chemistry lab. These two are famous for exploding dangerous concoctions and there seems to be a jinx on them when partners. We are keeping our fingers crossed that in later life they do not come together for there is sure to be quite a "bang."

17. There is one fact that makes life exceedingly difficult for LORNA MURRAY and that is sitting up straight in the early hours of the morning

(breakfast). She needs a cup of coffee for a waker-upper, but finds it very difficult to drink her coffee as elbows are not allowed on the breakfast table. "But Miss Keyzer, a cup of coffee is heavy" exclaims Murph—but her efforts are in vain and if coffee is too heavy for us we needn't drink it.

18. JAMEY TROOP has decided to make the grad dance an especially memorable one and has invited none other than Marlon Brando to come! What with her plans of entertaining Marlon, sailing around the world, living in Moscow and learning every language, she is a very ambitious girl.

19. ANN TAYLOR seems to have a special liking for chicken. After going out one Saturday, Ann brought a chicken back and after all were tucked in, the feast began! Great preparations were made and when ready, the three (Ann and her two room-mates) huddled in the lower bunk and "went to town"—much to the surprise of a Staff who followed the scent to room 37.

20. Have you ever been in a bath when the first bell goes for Prep? It's in that predicament that we find BARB MURRAY every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, when frantic screams can be heard a mile away. Somehow she makes it to Prep and a hastily clad figure bombs into the room and collapses in her seat—to finish dressing.

21. In the stamp collection DI HORNIG proved to be a great asset in filling up the light blue box. Now she seems to be over loaded with letters which continually pour in from New York—but at this stage we're wondering whether this certain person robbed the post office to acquire all the one-half cent stamps. Most of all Di needs a file for her letters and stamps because her Marzipan box has finally been filled. We're all waiting Di, to hear when you hit the thousand mark!

22. It was disheartening for poor LYN CARTER when, having gallantly won her first and probably last tennis tournament, people refused to believe her. It was only when the incredulous ones saw her out on the court playing her second round that they realized she had actually won the first.

23. The explanation for SUE HARSHAW'S oxfords being brown for a week lies in a little excursion to the sugar camp in the early spring. In her eagerness to get her first box of la-tire she crashed down through the muddy fields unaware of the fact that her boots were still in her locker, and the mud nearly up to her knees. However the la-tire was enjoyed and the oxfords were of secondary importance.

24. Some people find skiing an extremely hard

sport to master, but there are others who go over to the hill ready for a good day of skiing and end up sitting in the chalet all day, so, when I say I saw JENNIFER PARSONS actually ski down the slopes in the Laurentians—you can imagine everyone's surprise.

25. As far as we know JOAN CORDEAU is the only girl at King's Hall known to bring a cat back to school. Timbo was loved by all and a great favourite until one night. Prescious Timbo ate something that did not exactly agree with him, and as a result, room 22 was in a great turmoil during the night. Poor Timbo's luxurious days of reclining on someone's bed came to an end and his future bedroom was one of the piano rooms in the cellar!

26. From the end of the table a determined SUE HANSON exclaims, "All right! I'm really going on a strict diet—starting right now!" (a slight pause). "Please pass me the potatoes and gravy!"

27. JANET TAYLOR could be compared to a spirit. She knows all, hears all, but says nothing. Always found either reading French novels or looking for chocolate cake crumbs—scattered by her two room-mates.

28. In the wee hours of the morning a faint ring is heard—from the room at the end of the wing. There's a sudden groan and a groping of hands while JUDY HINGSTON finds her books to begin studying 'Cicero and the boys.' We all hope her early morning efforts will be put to good use.

29. Anytime you are doubtful as to the values of reading, especially during an English summer reading test—consult RUTH PEVERLEY, who brought fame to King's Hall by winning a public speaking contest in Sherbrooke last year.

30. It was rather an unpleasant surprise for her room-mates when ten minutes after BONNIE PENHALE had disappeared she was discovered staggering out of the cupboard having been stabbed by a spike heeled shoe.

31. DAPHNE DUNCANSON is one of the few who are here on an athletic scholarship. Since she has been here, her athletic accomplishments have been, one broken swimming-pool window, one collapsed bunk bed, and a crumpled green wall. Consult the B.C.S. infirmary list for statistics on Daph's "power kick."

32. There is only one person who could possibly have done such a wonderful job in helping the Matrics through all their ups and downs. The matrics wish you, MISS MORRIS, all luck and happiness in the years to come; we all join in saying "Three cheers for our Form-Mistress."

VI A FORM REPORT

Place: VI A Classroom.

Time: Saturday afternoon before rest hour.

A low murmur continues throughout the scene.

Gradually various voices become distinguishable.

Marilyn—looking up from her book,

"Oh, Helen! You're on library duty. Do it!"

Helen—hands on her hips—angrily,

"But Moo, I'm always doing it!"

Judy—face resting in hands

"Ana-chula, I'm having a fit!"

Smith—feet and arms helter—skelter

"Oh Judy! Let's see—where do I wish I were to-day?"

Margot—whispering and leaning sideways

"Hey Gab, did you get caught reading last night?"

Gabrielle—talking out of the side of her mouth

"My dear . . ."

Bonnie—knitting a baby sweater

"Hey Jan! What do you think of this?"

Janice—gazing at Bonnie's sweater

"O-o-o-h how dee-vine!"

Janet—Black stockings down, tie undone, exasperated

"Open the window!"

Charlotte—shivering, curled up in a ball in her sweater

"Just because I wasn't brought up in an igloo!"

Heather—half-standing, shouting

"Change for basketball tonight at eight. Be on time!"

Corry—lazily

"Oh! Give up, Grant!"

Sherrill—shouting exultantly while writing on a chart

"Kids—only 300 calories for breakfast, 600 for—!"

Jennifer—shouting across the room

"Do your exercise last night, Sher?"

Di—to Jennifer

"I touched my toes 200 times. Was I dizzy!"

Micky—counting five inch squares

"Cinny, where is your square?"

Cinny—Holding up a mottled looking object

"Here, Su-u-u-e-e!"

Dione—"Well, Connacher, what has happened now?"

Ann—brandishing bandaged thumb

"I was wounded while fighting for the West!"

Alix—waving her arms around

"Talking about the West—you know in Winnipeg we have—!"

Pat—"Oh! Alix, we have heard this before!"

Penny—just joining the group

"In Newfoundland we have had those for years!"

Bobby—filing her nails and muttering

"Six years! Six whole years! Think, by now I could have been famous!"

Janet—"Oh, Bobby! Just think of the education you are gaining!"

Carole—"Cherry, remember the time we went waterskiing and-and-and!"

Cherry—bored expression on her face

"Carole, remember the time you kept quiet for five whole minutes!"

Susan—sitting doing nothing

Have you made any more clothes for yourself lately?"

Rosalind—"No, nothing much. I just made myself a suit yesterday!"

Val—sitting in the corner of classroom pushing her hair

"Joan, pass me those books."

Joan—engrossed in her scribbling

"S-u-r-e! What did you say again?"

Miss Keith—standing in the doorway

"Girls! Pick up the running shoes and books!"

Whole class standing up—in a chorus

"Yes, Miss Keith."

Everyone sits down.

Suddenly—"Oh, Miss Keith, do come back!"

"We want to thank you for all your help and attention, and for being so patient with us throughout the year."



GUESS WHO— isn't going to Hillcrest?

VI B FORM REPORT

Have you heard:

- of Judy Archer buying a dress?
- what Cynthia Ayers stores between her mattress and her bed-springs?
- that Brooke Barrett complained to the Canadian Government because Galt was not marked on the map?
- that Gay Bell uses her ears to fly?
- of Francie Bieler doing the Fi-Fi Roll?
- that Bonnie Bernier has given up horses for corvettes?
- that Peggy Butterfield's heart sings when you mention a "Robin"?
- of Barbara Cordeau missing an extra gym class?
- of Josette Cochand? Well, she is in Europe right now.
- of Susan Dawes' connection with Bishop's?
- that Linda Fraser has "the whole world in her hands" when she sings "Tom Dooley."
- that Sharon Frost's eyelashes are on the "Blink"?
- a day go by without a phone call for Di Gordon?
- that Joan Hutchison hooked a barracuda this year in Nassau?
- that Kathy Kingston's new hair colour is natural?
- that Jane MacDougald had to hire a secretary to answer her "truck-loads" of in-coming mail?
- that Gill Maclaren, our Halifax Junior Bengal Lancer, entered the Kentucky Derby this year?
- of Sue Maclaren getting up for firedrill,
- that Sue McArthur may be playing for the Montreal Allouettes next year?
- of Mary Molson not sticking up for Stanstead,
- Martha Meagher without the hockey score?
- what happens to people like Nancy Nichol who dance "sans souliers"? Splinters!
- of the Calgary Stampede Bucking Bronco champ, Ginna Nichols?
- of Jill Oughtred being on time?
- that everybody wishes that Jennifer Punnett would eat her rhubarb and vegetables?
- that Tory Rankin freckles?



I NEVER GET A BURN..... or DO I)

- of Becky Romano singing "Waky-Waky" at three a.m.?
- that Sally Ross has reached eight feet?
- Jill Rowan-Legg?
- that Carol Sonne loses weight by eating potato chips?
- that Esme Vaughan's two front teeth aren't really chicklets?
- that "Liz" Taylor attends school at King's Hall, Compton?
- of the Westwater "drip," Judy?
- that the VI B's think Miss Ramsay is the greatest and that they appreciate all that she has done for them during the school year?



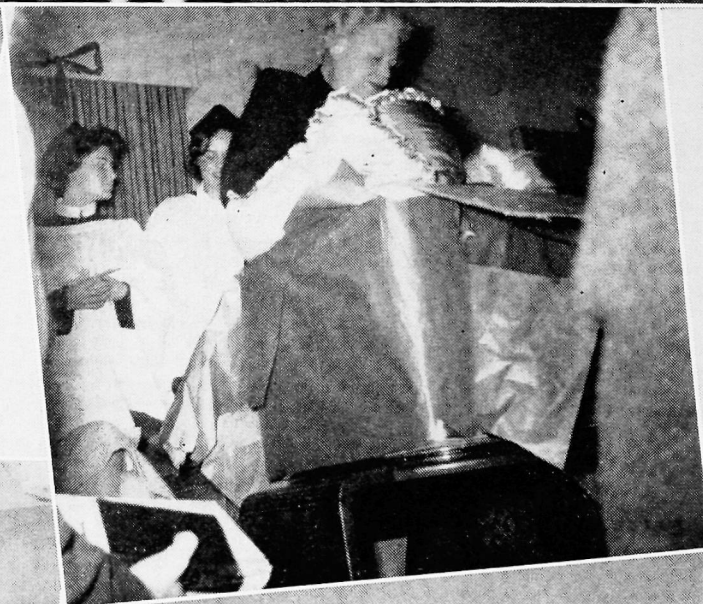
V A FORM REPORT

GUESS WHO?

1. Always has hair in her face?
2. Never gets mad? (Ha!)
3. Never curls her hair?
4. Loves skiing?
5. Just loves to draw?
6. Gets the most fan mail practically every day?
7. Comes from down South?
8. Likes chewing gum?
9. Who is a newcomer to V A?
10. Who is a terrific singer?
11. Just loves to eat?
12. Who is the most disorganized girl in V A?
13. Who is a book-worm?
14. Just loves hockey?
15. Had a bad knee during the second term?
16. Snitches your cake at supper?
17. Who is the biggest Ridley fan in V A?
18. Supplies wool for everyone?
19. Just loves Ricky Nelson?
20. Wishes she were a boy?
21. Spills her milk at every meal?
22. Is the most **wonderful** Form Mistress?

See page 42





CREDITS

VI A Sing-song by Carol Salmon
 The Matrics—Christmas by Carol Sonne
 VIB Form Room by Martha Meagher

Autumn Winds by Diann Bignell
 Miss Gillard—Christmas by Joan Hutchison
 The Ski Hill by Carol Sonae



DAWN

Five in the morning found me climbing the steep jagged, cliff overhanging the sea. The stars were still illuminating night's dark cloak. Except for the rhythmical lapping of the water against creviced cliffs and the gentle rustling of the tall brown grasses as the salt breezes zig-zagged through them, not a sound could be heard. There I lay down, my head sunk in a fragrant bed of clover; the warm wind and swaying grasses covered me and lulled me to sleep; the checkered napkin around my wooden lunch-basket flapped in the wind.

I awoke suddenly to the shrill cries of the seagulls, and as I lifted my eyes to the now grey sky I saw these birds circling, soaring, diving, and forming invisible patterns with their sleek white bodies. I rose to my feet to be met by a wind that tore around my body as if exploring this new object that dared to interrupt its course. It tossed my hair over my face and formed a white balloon out of my skirt. Again finding its direction it raced forward, forcing my hair to flow back like the long grass in a meandering river. White spray was flung up to me as a massive wave rolled against a jutting peak of rock. As it hit, it crumpled into myriads of tiny sparks which immediately returned to the cold mass.

For a moment as I stood there surrounded by crashing waves and boisterous winds, I was Andromeda all alone on that island in the sea, waiting for the brave Perseus to fly through the air on his golden-winged sandals to save me from the angry sea monster. As I glanced across the dark snow-capped waters I really imagined I saw him. Flying ever so swiftly and smoothly across the horizon, he stripped off the grey sheets of night and revealed the new day—the light, orange colours of morning. The wind was the accompanying symphony orchestra, increasing the beat of my already excited heart. Occasionally the cymbals would crash and fade out as the waves beat and fell.

Soon Perseus had done his work. The orange was now spreading, pushing the grey gloom up, over the dome of the sky. Then came a light yellow, then a soft blue deepening into azure when it reached the sky's dome. Turning my back on the sea I watched this transformation with awe. When I turned once more to the sea, the symphony music swelled around me, deafening me. Suddenly the finale was marked by a loud crash of the cymbals as the sun appeared above the thin line separating sea from sky.

CYNTHIA GORDON, VI A.

THE SUNSET

Have you every seen the sunset of a Canadian autumn? Doesn't it give you a feeling of beauty and tranquillity after the heat of the day? The sky far above becomes gray in colour reminding you of the past day's black deeds drifting far away. There are patches of soft blue sky with puffy white clouds, representing every good thing such as the happiness of the coming day. The sun itself looks with a kind, happy face on the world it leaves. The fields glow with a soft copper colour and slowly fade away into twilight. The crickets begin to sing and the owl and all nocturnal creatures peep out of their holes to survey their surroundings and find something to eat. Everything is very still as the tired day sleeps.

GAY BELL, VI B.



WHIRLPOOL

Her gentle fingers caressed the smooth wooden gate, and her eyes lingered over it as it swung silently shut. The sky hovered above, an unearthly grey, while breezes stole through the heavily leafed trees. Stepping away from the gate she adjusted her raincoat and calmly headed down the hill. She watched her feet moving in front of her and listened to their constant tapping on the stone walk. From the great shady branches above came the evening chirrup of birds and a purely summer fragrance crept through the air. How it all reminded her of her childhood! For a second she felt her heart fold with sadness, pining for those lost and tender years. Why could she not live them once more? Such innocent and happy years! Life then had been a fantasy; she had indeed forgotten the wonder of it, but now some few delightful memories flashed back. She remembered the thrill of waves roaring on a beach and the haunting cry of seagulls, thunder droning deeply in the distance, the cool flavour of raspberries, and homemade bread taken piping hot from the oven. She remembered too an exciting afternoon spent at a circus, the enchantment of a ballet, the warmth of the fire after playing in the snow while an animal curled cozily in her lap. And deep in her heart she remembered Santa Claus, true sincerity, laughter, and love.

Her attention was shifted to a stand piled high with newspapers. A fine drizzle had begun to fall in a mist—the gentle drops felt like cool petals on her cheeks. She saw it patter on the papers, making a design of tiny stains. She gazed blindly at the headline; perhaps it read a new world crisis, but to her it was petty and unimportant, something

that was and always would be, something that would one day be learned by students only to be forgotten, something that would be held in contempt in future years.

Swinging herself idly, she moved in long slow paces and threw her head back to look dizzily at the sky. The clouds were rolling by, large and sombre. Thick drops of rain splashed in her eyes and streamed down her neck. It was an ecstatic sensation and she smiled in spite of herself. Her reflection leapt at her from a flower shop window, and she shuddered to see herself. Her hair hung limply about the familiar face, her features seemed to be sculptured in cold white marble, and tinged with sorrow her deep-set grey eyes. Her gaze wandered over the host of gay blossoms—and then, inevitably it may seem, it fell upon one small and quiet flower. Once again, the stabbing pain returned to her heart. The memories she had been trying to forget overwhelmed her. She saw him again laughing exuberantly and twisting the stem of the tiny white rose around her finger; she felt his strong arms squeezing her shoulders; and she saw him drive away in the car that was to take him to his death!

Barely conscious of her actions, she entered the shop, watched the rose being taken from its bowl, and ever so carefully in her hands she carried it away. Her steps became faster—she did not care where they walked. The throb of her heart ripped her throat,—the torrent burst from the clouds, but she stumbled on staring at the virgin loveliness of the white rose through a blurred haze. She came to a bridge and leaned dazedly on its strong stone railing. The beat of the pounding rain drummed about her. It was cold and clammy—she wanted to get away from it, but where could she go? What could she do?

Before her eyes swam the shadow of her dead fiancé smiling at her mysteriously. She shut her eyes, but still she imagined a voice, low and whispering at her ear. And then she saw the water swirling below the bridge. It was angry, it was wild, and it was taunting! Pain mingled with searing flames seemed to bore through her blood; her heart trembled with a curious delight and fear. Her breath escaped in hysterical gasps as she stared at the beckoning waves—

“Please stop!”

The rose fell from her hand. She spun around and beheld a young couple running playfully in the rain. Laughingly, the girl cried in protest, but her cheeks were flushed and her eyes danced with an expression of supreme joy. And the boy swept the

girl into his arms and carried her off the bridge leaving their onlooker once more alone. She turned towards the water, her heart crying out for the happiness and love that the youngsters enjoyed. Then she noticed the rose had gone; she searched the whirlpool and for a second descried a flashing white flame which by a foamy black blanket was suddenly extinguished. And then the cool tears that had refused to come welled thickly and quietly from her eyes. She fell to her knees and ever so silently began to weep. She wept for her life which she had almost thrown away; she wept for the beauty and wonder of being alive; she wept with shame for the selfishness of her actions; and she wept for the new happiness which was overpowering her. Somehow she knew that her torture was finally over. Slowly rising, she felt herself tingle with the delicious calm that had stolen through her. And all at once her eyes glittered through the tears, she beamed at the earth and sky and began to run wildly off the bridge. But as she ran and laughed inwardly, her thoughts twirled around the real symbol of her own love and happiness—the little wooden gate which meant home!

JAMEY TROOP, *Matric.*



BEAUTY TO REMEMBER

In the northern part of the Rocky Mountains there stands an old covered bridge. It has stood there since 1842, and has been the lovely subject for many landscape artists.

Its colour is a rusty red and it is built of old and weather-beaten pine. It is surrounded by towering evergreens, and a little babbling brook winds beneath it, through water-worn rocks. A rushing waterfall tumbles down the steep cliff above the bridge's roof and forms a thin sparkling mist around it. One can see a faint but beautiful rainbow through the light spray of water, and the warm rays of the sun make it look like a thousand glittering jewels. On the other side of the bridge lies a quiet pool filled with crystal-clear water. Tiny fish swim in and out of the stones which have been worn by the force of the water, and the summer birds sing cheerfully to each other as they admire themselves in puddles of calm water.

This is a scene which will last for many years to come, and even when it fades from existence its beauty will still be treasured in the creations of artists.

CATHY STEWART, *V A.*

WHAT IS SCHOOL SPIRIT?

What does the word *spirit* mean? In the dictionary one of its numerous definitions is "a vigorous sense of membership in a group." That is certainly true, but the subject goes much, much deeper when we speak of school spirit. School spirit consists of loyalty, integrity, co-operativeness, and keeping a generally pleasant atmosphere in the school.

To attain school spirit each person must be loyal in every sense of the word. Loyalty to your school is one of the most important elements in school spirit. You cannot be hypocritical, and while at school say you like it, but once you are out for your holidays undermine the name of your school and all it stands for just to impress outsiders. This is more apt to happen in boarding schools than in day schools, and shows no loyalty at all. Besides being loyal to your school you must be loyal to your House and Form, whether (at King's Hall) you are a Macdonaldite, a Montcalmite, or a Rideauite, or whether you are in III A or Matric. It makes no difference. Your loyalty to the group will bring enthusiasm, especially in work and sports. This introduces a healthy competitive spirit which makes enjoyable fun. The important thing isn't whether you win or lose; it's the loyalty, the spirit, and the fact that you worked hard and enjoyed yourself that counts.

When you first come to school—again I'm thinking particularly of King's Hall—you realize that there are many rules and regulations which you must obey or else receive the consequences. Besides the consequences to yourself, disobedience and grumbling create a deplorable situation. It is never pleasant for a Staff or Prefect to have to be always telling girls to stop talking or always to be handing out minuses for foolish faults that could easily be overcome. This spoils things for everyone and often reflects on people not directly involved. When you are young you have to learn to be co-operative and to obey the rules, and to do so with a smile. Life will then be far easier for everyone.

As the years go by in your school life you learn to obey and then, little by little, begin to take on responsibility. So often people are given a job to do which at first might be quite pleasant and a novelty, but soon becomes tiresome and boring. Then the job is either badly done or often not done at all. Sometimes the job is just small at the beginning, but it grows and becomes bigger and far more difficult. Whether it is a small or large job you've been given, however, you must do it to the

best of your ability and must work steadily until it is completely finished. This will develop the true spirit that a school needs.

All these qualities—loyalty, integrity, co-operation, cheerfulness and a sense of responsibility moulded into one are what constitutes true school spirit.

BEVERLEY SHANNON, Matric.

A STREET SCENE

"Bananas, guavas, git yo' fresh fruit here," shouted a fat Negro woman at the top of her lungs!

It was my first day in Barbados, and I had already seen so much, but nothing yet like this sunny, noisy street. Gaily clad Negroes were swarming everywhere, trying to sell their trinkets and food. Hardly any cars were on the street, but the Negro policeman under his green umbrella-like shelter was having a hard time directing tourists and keeping the mass of people going in the right direction.

On my left was a tiny harbour with sailing-vessels of all shapes and sizes and a variety of other craft. Along the beach tall palms swayed their feathery boughs in the gentle sea-breeze. On my right were the fruit and vegetable stalls, and farther on the bigger stores, and in the middle—People!

I was glad I had on a cool dress and laughed to myself when I thought of how just last night I had arrived in a winter dress and sweater, and now I was thousands of miles away from the frozen North. It seemed like a dream.

Suddenly I felt someone nudge my elbow and I heard a woman's voice, "Missy, want dis necklace? See de nice shells? Maybe de nice basket?"

She pushed one of her woven baskets at me. Can a tourist resist being enticed to buy these things she would probably never see again after her two short weeks' holiday was over? Not knowing the monetary system I held out my hand with several coins in it, and the woman took what she wanted.

With a cheerful "Thank yo', Missy," she plodded off after another tourist. I was left holding a brightly-coloured shell necklace in my hand.

I looked around again at the multi-coloured costumes of these friendly people, and noticed a woman with an enormous basket balanced easily on her dark head, and screaming, "Flyin' fish, flyin' fish, git yo' flyin' fish before dey is all gon'!"

Was there any place like it? Certainly, as long as I live, the colour and gaiety of this street will be vivid in my memory.

BETTY TAYLOR, VI B

ST. TROPEZ

St. Tropez is an old fishing town on La Côte d'Azur, the Mediterranean coast of France. To one entering by car or by scooter it seems like any other fishing town along the coast, but once we are in St. Tropez and caught by its magic we realize that it is really quite different. St. Tropez covers a hill that slopes down to meet the Mediterranean. On the crest of the hill the ruins of a Roman fort overlook both the sea and the mountains. From here we often see the sun rise and set.

St. Tropez is a small town. Its streets are crooked and narrow, and its houses look as if they are holding each other up. There are two harbours in the town—the old fishing harbour from which the fishermen still go out every morning at dawn, and the new harbour where the modern splendour of St. Tropez begins. Here yachts from the world over are anchored, having come to compete in the race from St. Tropez to San Remo. Not more than forty yachts fit in the harbour. When one leaves another takes its place. Owners reserve their berths years ahead as the harbour is always full, especially when Onassis wants to get his yacht in; it is so large that the other yachts have to leave the harbour to make room for it.

Along the quays is a wide street where people promenade night and day, and where many little shops and cafés face the water. The shops, though *petite*, are very exclusive. Of the cafés only one is always full, Senequier. Even when there is no more room people will never move on to another café. Chez Senequier people sit for hours chatting, eating specialities like *café legeois* or *pêche melba*, or just gazing at the yachts, the harbour, the sea beyond, and the people walking along the quays. Here we see all types of people, mostly the French themselves, but what an exceptional crowd they make!

The women are all strangely beautiful and the men intriguing. The women wear either Bikinis, shorts or skin-tight cotton pants, a speciality of St. Tropez. The women wear no make-up except for their eyes; with this and their long hair they look very exotic. The men are clad in the skimpiest of bathing suits or in light cotton pants with striped shirts. Everyone goes barefoot in St. Tropez, and everyone has an assortment of straw hats of weird shapes and colours. Most of the mornings are spent on the white beaches nearby, bathing in the clear warm water and acquiring a sun tan. Everyone in St. Tropez is very brown and healthy looking.

Back to Senequier—during the day the most

popular hours are in the afternoon and early evening. We are never bored watching all these people, who have a Bohemian air about them.

As evening comes on everyone disappears for a while to have supper and to change into another pair of slacks and a shirt. Then—out they all come for a promenade on the quays and another *apéritif* Chez Senequier. Now the yachts are all lit up; each one seems to be proud and striving to be more beautiful than its neighbour. After an hour or so things quieten down on the waterfront—but wait! Now for the back streets! Here we find dozens of little cabarets and *caves*, each one as noisy as possible; everyone is dancing and everyone seems to be very gay. We make the rounds every night, always meeting the same people until we know each other very well. First we go to Palmir, where we dance *Le Gallop* to the mechanical piano; then on to the place between two high stone walls where they have the calipso band, and from there to the *cave* where a little Latin American band plays “Merenghe” and “Cha-Cha-Cha.” We go on until the early hours of the morning or until we are exhausted. Then we make our way to the quays not only for a breath of the Mediterranean but also for refreshment Chez Senequier. If it is a special night we may end it by going to watch the sunrise from the old Roman fort on the hilltop before we go back to our little hotels. The hotels in St. Tropez are few and small. Room service is practically non-existent. We make our own beds, but the hotel may provide us with a cup of coffee for breakfast. And so life goes on in St. Tropez all summer.

Until a few years ago St. Tropez was hardly known except to the French. Famous people could find refuge there from the newspapers and the public. But now, as has inevitably happened in many places in Europe, St. Tropez has become known to the tourists, especially since Brigitte Bardol and Françoise Sagar made it their summer headquarters. I spent a summer in St. Tropez and was caught in its magic. I hope that the tourists have not changed St. Tropez and that when I go back a few summers hence it will be the same St. Tropez the French have enjoyed for years.

ANN SMITH, VI A.



UNDERWATER WONDERLAND

I was sitting in a canoe with my brothers Jay and Chris when Dad gave the signal of approval. We had reached a good fishing ground. We slipped into the water with masks, fins, guns, and knives. There were many caves, and several fathoms down we saw a beautiful brown sand shark sleeping on the sandy bottom. This type of shark is considered harmless. His favourite occupation is sleeping or basking in the sun, and his food is smaller fish. Sharks of this type are very shy, and will nearly always leave bathers alone, but is is dangerous to have a large bleeding cut. It is also best to have a boat nearby when you are spearfishing because the smell of blood will attract all sharks, even these. Sharks have very poor eyesight, so each shark has a dozen or more black and yellow striped pilot fish, a few inches long to guide him.

On this particular day we saw many middle-sized fish, my favourite being the parrot fish. These are from six inches to two feet in length. They have many colours, chiefly pink and turquoise. They have not any real teeth, but something that looks like rabbit teeth to scrape the moss off rocks for their food.

The most exciting moment of this expedition was when Dad shot a lovely barracuda seven feet long. He had a tough struggle to hang onto it. The barracuda is very ferocious and is known as the "tiger of the sea." He will attack almost anything, and is a flesh-eater. He is especially dangerous when wounded. He is very curious, also; sometimes too curious. In spite of his nasty nature he is beautiful—silvery in colour and long and slim.

Mum's favourite fish, besides the very small ones, are the leopard rays. She called us over to look at three of these gliding peacefully around in circles. They are quite harmless and are black with white spots. They swim in a graceful way by moving their wings up and down. Their faces, different from the sting rays', are cute. The wing spread, from tip to tip, is about five feet. Sting rays are all black and can do much harm with the six inch barb at the base of their tails. Dad, a few years ago, shot one of the largest sting rays recorded, weighing two hundred and four pounds. When these rays are frightened, or just playing, they will often leap many feet into the air.

A real menace to divers is the sea urchin. The black ones are just a mass of needles, and if you step on one, the needles go into your foot and cannot be taken out. Within a few days they dissolve, but they are quite painful. Along with sea urchins there

are types of corals that can cause great irritation. The only way to avoid this nuisance is to become thoroughly familiar with the different corals. Still another underwater danger is the lion fish. He is covered with what looks like prickles and horns. His sting is very poisonous; if it is not treated immediately it can kill a person in three days. It is hard to watch out for these fish as they blend with their surroundings and are not very large.

Eels may also be dangerous, and will many times attack you if you are too near their home. The moray eel is common in the Carribean and has a sticky, poisonous secretion on the teeth. When it bites, the slime does the worst harm. At night Jay, Chris and I fish with a hook and line and each night we usually catch two or three of these.

Another interesting fish is the porcupine fish. These are about one foot long and have little needles all over them. When they are scratched, tickled, frightened or attacked they blow up just like balloons and all of their needles stick out. When a diver shoots one it also blows up, so at home in Jamaica we bought three dozen blown up ones which we dried, sprayed with beautiful colours, and used as Christmas tree decorations.

These are just a few of the millions of fish I have seen or heard about; these are the most common. The sea is so fantastically different, and so much more beautiful than our world above the surface, that you can only know what it is really like by seeing it for yourself.

CHERYL LUMIÈRE, V A.



ON OBSERVING SMOKERS

Have you ever been at a party, and either because you were bored stiff or because you liked doing it, watched different people smoke? This can develop into a fascinating hobby—smoke-watching. After a few parties' practice you will discover that all smokers fall into four main categories. The most noticeable are the "puffers," then the "holders," the "chewers" and finally the "fiends."

"Puffers" are the people who sit at parties near an ashtray, taking a quick puff on a cigarette and who almost before the smoke has travelled the length of the new kingsized filter cigarette, have blown it out. This initial puff is then followed in quick succession by four or five equally satisfying ones. The ashes are then quickly and nervously dropped into the ashtray and the whole action is repeated. After about one week's watching at parties you will notice the slight variations in the

"puffers" routine. Some don't drop their ashes as quickly. Some take three instead of four or five rapid puffs. But the general effect of blowing out through a cigarette instead of inhaling is achieved by all.

The next group is the "holders." These are usually the people who are nervous and want to do something with their hands. Cigarettes, being an easy thing to hold, are most often used. Most "holders" would probably be violently ill if they were ever forced to smoke a whole cigarette. Pseudo-sophisticates are often "holders." These people feel it completes their costumes to have a glowing cigarette in their hands. This prop is then waved gracefully around in order that everyone may notice it. A slight variation to this routine is the use of a foot-long cigarette-holder. This enables the user to gesture much more dramatically and also gives a bit of the Auntie Mame lift to his or her appearance. Another reason that some people become "holders" is that they would probably go stark, raving mad if they had to sit quietly through a long, dull party. The holding of a cigarette gives them a chance to move their hands, get up in search of ashtrays, or if the party is really grim—they can always escape, saying they're just going to the corner to get their special brand.

"Chewers" are another interesting type of smoker. These come in two distinct classes—those who chew cigars, and those who chew cigarettes. A cigar-chewer is usually found seated in a large comfortable armchair placed near odour-absorbing drapes. This makes him a huge success with the hostess the next morning. The "chewer" sits happily gnawing away on the end of his cigar almost as though it were a delicious steakbone. This part doesn't bother most smoke-watchers. It's when the "chewer" gesticulates with his soggy, pulpy mass of Cuban imported tobacco that they begin to cringe. The cigar-chewer always leaves his chewed remains behind in your lovely new ashtrays, and it's always in the one that later falls in your best chair. The cigarette-chewer is actually more interesting than the cigar-chewer. This person is the real reason why filters were invented for cigarettes. Do you actually think that a filter was invented to let only "the mellow, golden flavour" through, and to keep out the tars and nicotine? The real reason for filters is to make the chewer less noticeable and neater. Instead of twenty-thousand tiny filter traps you really have a glorified mint flavoured sponge. This gives the "chewer" the added enjoyment of a minty chew and the benefit of a neater appearance. "Chewers" are usually

seen talking in groups with other people, their cigarette rotating gently from corner of their mouths in an oval, orbit. There's something about a "chewer" that gives him a dominating, persevering air.

The fourth type of smoker is the "fiend." The "fiend" enjoys smoking, or at least he looks as though he does. The "fiend" can usually be seen sitting by himself, hunched over a table laden with lighters, ashtrays, and cigarettes. A steady cloud of grey-white smoke rises above him and envelopes his part of the room. The "fiend" has an expression on his face that can only be described as "fiendish." I suppose that's where the word originated. He hears nothing, sees nothing and is conscious only of the supreme satisfaction he is getting from that rapidly diminishing pack of cigarettes. If you have been watching carefully you will discover that every once and a while the "fiend" will lean back and relax for a moment. This is in order that he may recover from that last, lung-penetrating puff.

Of course you must realize that some people do smoke properly, but they only ruin the fun and are the plague of all smoke-watchers. Imagine what agony you would be put through if you were at a boring party and everybody knew how to smoke properly. It will never happen though; therefore at the next dull gathering you attend look around the room carefully and see if you can pick out the "puffers," the "holders," the "chewers" and the "fiends." Smoke-watching really makes a wonderful hobby.

DIANNE HORNIG, Matric.



ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS

There are things that glitter brighter than gold:—a mother's love for her children, a star in a dark sky, the sun's reflection on a calm lake, morning dew, and hoar-frost on the grass, the soft brown of a cocker's eyes, soapsuds in a dishpan, sun shining through stained-glass windows, snow-flakes on a bright calm day, white sand on a tropical beach, a rainbow in a cloudless sky, rain-drops on a window pane. These give a glitter far brighter than gold. These shine longer and are always remembered no matter where we go or what we do.

JOSETTE COCHAND, VI B.

THE WEDDING

The tiny stone church stood alone, its back comfortably ensconced in the cool shade of a holily beautiful little graveyard, but its face quite exposed to the seething sunset and the dust from the lane which wandered past it. But the dust brought a soft grey light to caress the ancient building, and the cheery whistling of a man, striding up the road, accompanied the gentle swaying of the trees. He bounded up the steps, yanked open the door, and stepped into the cool darkness within.

The old rector was busily dusting the candlesticks on the altar and did not hear the stranger who stood for a moment in the centre of the church, quietly absorbing its holiness and beauty. Then the door creaked behind him and a light footstep told him that his bride was coming to him. Speechless, he took her hand and they walked slowly up the aisle.

When they were married and the rector had pronounced them man and wife, still hand in hand, they went outside in the twilight. They stood on the cool grass in front of the little church and looked about them. They did not embrace; the moment was too sacred for that. They stood together in the half-light, surrounded with beauty, too moved even to think coherently. A door slammed at the back of the church and they were alone.

All nature held its breath. The soft sound of the leaves murmuring to each other as they stirred in the arms of the great, green trees was a whispered promise of peace and love. The man and woman—God's creatures—stood motionless, their hearts full to overflowing with the searing pain of humanity's imperfect joy. And suddenly the air was full of music; the exquisite song of a whippoorwill bathed their souls in beauty and soared to the heights in its purity. And they looked at each other, content with their lot, happy in their love, and walked down the lane into the darkness.

RUTH PEVERLEY, Matric.



TO A HORSE

His name is Gil, he's a ten year old;
He has a manner that's striking and bold.
He can clear four-foot jumps with freedom and ease
And he's as willing to go as the wind and the breeze.

He's gentle as a kitten and smart as a fox;
His colour is strawberry roan with two white sox.
He has a lovely gait and gives a smooth ride,
And when I'm on Gil he gives me great pride.

GILL MACLAREN, VI B.

THE SEA

To those who have never seen the sea, it probably means just a great expanse of salt water, but to those who have lived on the sea practically all their lives, it means home. When I leave the Newfoundland airport, the last thing I see is the sea washing upon the beach which lies parallel to the runway, and when I return, the first thing I look for is the sea beating upon a rocky coastline far below me.

To me the sea is like a capricious woman, always changing her moods. Sometimes, when she is angry, the white-capped breakers beat savagely against the shore and the turbulent water looks grey. As the sleeting rain meets the lashing waves and the sea gulls circle madly overhead, it seems as though the sea is vindictive for some wrong it has suffered. Gay and vivacious at times, the sea shows another of her moods. The sun shining on the frothy white-caps of the now almost blue sea, makes the drops of water sparkle like millions of dazzling, beautiful diamonds. As the waves hit the beach, little sprays fly up inviting someone to join the sea in her frolic. The gulls, gaily swooping and diving, are happy to oblige.

Fog—a common word to a Newfoundlander—is the sea's constant companion. Like a shroud it covers everything until the distant headland is barely discernible. On such occasions the sea adapts herself to the mood of the fog. The colour of the water changes to include green, grey and blue all at once; the waves lap the shore languidly, and capturing little pebbles in their grasp roll them into the waiting sea. Everything is grey and dingy and the white gulls, now slower than usual, contrast sharply against the bleakness of the scene.

The sea has many moods—some boisterous, some calm. Each one seems more beautiful and meaningful than the last. True beauty defies description and to me, the sea, in whatever mood, is too lovely and mysterious to be aptly described.

JUDY HOUSE, VI A.

(From page 33)

V A FORM REPORT

ANSWERS

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Carolyn Angus | 12. Sandy Miller |
| 2. Joan Wightman | 13. Harriet Dupont |
| 3. Di Bignell | 14. Anne MacDonald |
| 4. Martha White | 15. Cheryl Lumiere |
| 5. Sue Brainerd | 16. Shireen Finch |
| 6. Sherry Taylor | 17. Sue Fuller |
| 7r Rosita Caridi | 18. Hope Haslam |
| 8. Marion Thomson | 19. Jennifer Giles |
| 9. Gill Castonguay | 20. Anne Harrison |
| 10. Cathy Stewart | 21. Elizabeth Hampson |
| 11. Suann Cross | 22. MISS KEYZER |

A WINDY DAY

The salt in the air seemed to sting my face as I walked along the top of the sand dunes which line a lovely stretch of beach. The coarse, sparse grass seemed to just barely cling to the sandy earth. It is forced to sway back and forth in the wake of a gusty wind until I think it is going to give way any second. Suddenly, almost beneath my feet, a crab scurries under a leaf and buries itself in the sand. It quickly disappears as the wind sweeps the sand over it.

The sky is stormy. The white-caps on the waves seem to be reaching out to the sky. The vastness of the scene makes me want to strain my eyes and look farther and farther. On either side of me are two estuaries which look as if they are pushing themselves out to sea, but in spite of their attempts they are being pushed back.

Seaweed and pebbles are washed up over my feet as I near the water. The waves seem to get more and more adventurous with the rising tide. A piece of wood is washed up in front of my eyes. It is gnarled and twisted and looks as if it has withstood many rough seas and winds.

Suddenly, seeming to sweep down from nowhere, the sea-gulls fill the air with their loud, hoarse cries. As I look at them their graceful bodies rising and falling, I realize I am seeing one of God's most graceful creatures. They sail on the wind and are almost unearthly in their beauty.

The dunes steadily change their shape as the wind swirls the sand around my feet before carrying it away. The rain appears far off in the distance, sweeping across the ocean. The sea now grows dark and foreboding. The whole scene sends a strange feeling through me as I survey the rough landscape of the dunes and the angry face of the sea.

JENNIFER PATTON, VI A.

THE STEEPLECHASER

I can hear the thump of the horse's heart
As he nears the gate all ready to start;
The signal is given; he's begun his run
With beauty and spirit to know only fun.
He's up to a brush with his gallant stride,
He's over the first with his legs stretched wide.

Twenty or thirty beating the track,
Each one fighting his most for the plaque.
The louder the cries, the faster they fly;
Some horses fall out, some flounder, some die.
But one that is left and is loved best of all
Is the colt Rangi Rex, so bold, strong and tall.

VIRGINIA NICHOLS, VI B.

LA BOHÈME?

It seems that the latest trend is to become a 'Bohemian.' I had always thought that a Bohemian was a person who was trying to escape attention by reverting to the natural ways and trying to be as inconspicuous as possible; however, the other day I had my first glimpse of two who were obviously trying to be Bohemians, and I am sure that one could not fail to notice them in any crowd. I had been shopping and as it was getting rather late I decided to take a shorter route home down one of the less frequented streets of Montreal. Suddenly I noticed a man and woman come out of a café and walk towards me. I doubt that I have ever seen such an odd looking couple in my life. The woman was tall and slender. The first thing I noticed about her was her hair. It was jet black, perfectly straight and hung in thick strands past her shoulders. As she came closer I noticed that her face was extremely white except for her eyes, which were huge and very black. She had thick black eye-lashes and eye-brows. Her mouth was also white, and the contrast of her dark eyes against her white face gave her an expression of tragic sadness. She was dressed completely in black including dark stockings. Her clothes hung loosely on her slight frame and I felt that if a strong wind were to blow she would be picked up like a feather and carried with it. Never once in the minutes I watched her did her facial expression change. She seemed like a painted poster representing the evil black lady in a fairy story. The man beside her was completely different. He looked more like a slightly above average 'bum'! His clothes were baggy and very faded. His shirt hung down below his jacket and his trousers were of worn corduroy. His beard rivalled Rip Van Winkle's, but his eyes seemed to have a gay twinkle, and I felt that he would laugh merrily at almost any attempt at humour. In fact it was probably the contrast between him and his death-like companion that made this couple most noticeable to the passer-by.

I must admit that this unexpected look at two Bohemian-struck human beings killed any desire that I might have had to fall in with the trend.

HELEN GIBB-CARSLEY, Matric.

	Hallowe'en by Margot McMurich VI A
C	The Johannis' Sugar Camp by Virginia Nichols
R	A Bedroom Scene by Judy House
E	Red Cross Night by Carol Salmon
D	V A Christmas Carols by Carol Sonne
I	Hula-hoop by Carol Sonne
T	Matric Entertainment by Jennifer Patton
S	The Skating Rink by Helen Hand
	The Snow Hut by Joan Wightman



THE MAGIC OF NEW LIFE

Memorable moments occur throughout our lives. We may not always realize how really tender these moments are at the time, but when we look back on them affectionately we can live them again and again. Those I cherish most are connected with new beginnings.

How distinct in my memory is the day, many years ago, when I saw the birth of what was to be my very own foal. For hours I sat with the farmer, speechless, anxious, and a trifle nervous. True, living on a farm had taught me how to bring many different animals into the world, but a colt that I had already named "Lightning" was to be mine, and mine alone. Lightning was to be a thoroughbred, a racer, and a close friend; these dreams and many more revolved through my head during that last agonizing hour. At last the foal arrived, and having been well instructed on foal birth I was given complete command of the situation. How proud I was that I had brought something precious into the world myself, and how carefully would I raise this foal, break it in, and look after its every whim.

As it lay wide-eyed and shivering in the stiff hay, large salt tears rolled down my cheeks—not only through happiness but through love and pride. It was such a darling thing—gentle, fragile, and most exquisitely built! How I thought God loved me then to give me such a gift as this when I had done nothing in return. Then, with an unexplainable thrill, I lifted the little creature to its feet and carried it to its mother's head; I kissed it quickly, and darted from the barn to tell my friends.

Every form of new life brings the same unexplainable thrill, especially early spring. The particular moment of spring I'm thinking about has no flowers or even robins, but it has a sun that makes you tingle with its warmth. Everywhere you look, little squares of snow are sinking one by one down to the level of the grass where they sparkle a few minutes and then melt. Little rivers and lakes of crystal snow-water make their way through crevices in the sugar snow, and the leaves of last autumn can just be recognized by their soft golden-yellow shining contentedly where the rivers become estuaries and turbulent deltas. Everywhere you tread your feet sink, and water rushes out around your boots as if a plug had been pulled, and when you look back you don't see familiar foot prints but oblong, miniature lakes each with a tint of blue reflected from the royal sky above. Icicles are fascinating at this time of the spring.

They drip freely into the vanishing snow beneath, and each drop is a star in itself. Then there's that low rumble of falling snow from the roof-tops and the disconcerting shuffle when it reaches its destination. Oh, if only this moment came oftener than once a year!

We have all held our breath at the enchantment of another new beginning—the entrance of the bride when she arrives at the church surrounded by flowers, net, pastel colours, and the delicate perfume of her bouquet. All heads are turned, the whispering ceases, the doors are flung open, and a strange silence falls over the congregation. The bridesmaids enter in their flouncy dresses, but behind them is the glory of all, a frightened but smiling, pretty face, under which flows a cloud of white and lace, while cheeky slippers peek enquiringly from the wine-red carpet. Then our mind returns to the front of the church, the music begins, the procession continues, and the magic of the "first glance" vanishes.

KATE REED, Matric.

WILD ONE

She was a wild mare. She stood out of the herd and grazed quietly by herself at the edge of a lonely brook. Sensing my presence, she raised her head with a jerk. Her muscles tensed, ready to run. Her ears came forward and her nostrils expanded so much that I could see the rosy red within. She was dressed all in black, with a blaze of white on her forehead. Her long black mane waved horizontally across her thick neck, and her tail flew up now and then to punish an annoying fly. As I was still, she finally lowered her head slowly; however, she was still aware that something was not as it should be. In the background the brood mares grazed lazily, every now and then lifting their heads and chewing grass at the same time. The mare began to wander towards the stream with her graceful neck thrust out, so that her well-formed head seemed to cover her chest. I moved slightly. Then suddenly up came her head, her ears moved back and forth, signifying she was now on the alert. She caught sight of me. Her forelegs wheeled to the left. She paused. In one quick motion she was galloping. Her forelegs stretched out straight. Her muscles strained against her sleek body. Her forelegs met and parted. Her mane and tail flew like waving wheat. Her powerful shoulders went quickly back and forth. She disappeared from view, leaving the other mares grazing nonchalantly. After all, they had seen a human being before.

DIANE NEWMAN, VI A.

ENCHANTING MOMENTS

Enchanting moments are thrilling and stirring moments, when your whole emotional being transports you into a separate world of fantasy. Enchanting moments do not always fill people with ecstasy, but they sometimes make them feel proud or make them want to burst with joy. To me enchanting moments might be in watching my children grow up, each day hoping that they might be moulded into more pure and upright persons, but I am going to write about an enchanting moment from my own childhood. I was about eight years old.

It was two o'clock on a blue and gold afternoon, and I was to be married! We were living at the time in a little cream and black cottage in the country, which seemed to be nestled in a cluster of pine and spruce trees. Our next door neighbour was to be my husband, and we were to be made man and wife in a delicate alcove of bushes. Ten people came to our "wedding." I had a white sheet draped down like a train over my smock dress, and a tiara carefully arranged with pine needles. Jonathan, my bride-groom, was clad in an army uniform with a sword in a scabbard. Of course I wore Mummy's high heeled shoes, and had also used her lipstick generously. The bridesmaids had tiny clusters of pansies as bouquets and I had some lilacs. They all wore quilted dressing-gowns.

Well, by the time the procession was ready, I was so enthralled by the thought of being married in a few minutes that nothing could have disturbed me. We walked across the dainty bridge edged with daisies and on through the woods. All was very solemn and still except for the chirping of birds and for a striped chipmunk that scurried in front of us rustling the dead leaves, and disappearing in the hollow of an oak tree.

We arrived at our destination, a little sheltered spot in the woods, which appeared very sacred to us. There was no real ritual to our ceremony as far as the daughter being given away by her father was concerned, but we thought it right for the minister, my younger brother, to pronounce us Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. I was in a complete daze of excitement. The thought of being a mother enraptured me, and now I would have to keep house! We all went to our tree house in the woods and had the reception—ice-cream and sponge cake.

Walking home hand in hand, we were both so very happy and the day was so beautiful that we forgot we were only young school children and

that we had "made believe," until we neared the brook and heard Mummy calling, "Belinda, time for tea, dear."

I suddenly came out of my enchantment and ran through the primrose gate into Mummy's arms and told her of my unforgettable afternoon. We walked inside our cozy little cottage and closed the door on an afternoon of Enchanting Moments.

JUDY HINGSTON, Matric.



MOODS OF THE SEA

Have you ever stood high above the water on a bluff and watched the waves crash against the rocks? Have you seen them shoot up like geysers into the air sending salt, swell, and colour into the sky? Have you seen that same sea pound, pound, pound against the flat beach only a few miles away? Watching the sea we gain confidence in ourselves, and the troubled world around becomes inconsequential. Look how the sea rolls unceasingly in and out with time!

Did you ever stand on a sandy beach that stretches for miles in all directions and watch the sea-gulls swoop and dive for food? They glide and manipulate their wings with more grace and ease than any human ballet-dancer. Have you watched the grey shadows of these birds cast on the clear green water? Have you ever seen the tiny rivulets of water course their way to the waterline when the tide is out? These infinitely numerous channels criss-cross one another on the damp, hard-packed sand, dividing the great expanse of land into myriads of different shapes.

And oh, how cunning the sea is when it creeps up to the bathers on the hot sand and with one extra push, drenches them with frigid water!

The tides are deceiving for the water seems to beat on the same place, when in actual fact, little by little it creeps back and forth between the high and low tide points. What fun it is to stand on the edge when the water is receding and bury your feet in the sand! Suddenly, you catch your breath and feel the earth slipping away from you as sand and water are drawn out to the sea.

The colours of the sea change from day to day and sometimes, from hour to hour. The shades of grey, green, and blue are innumerable and have been the objects of the artist's imagination for centuries. I think it is only those who live by the sea all year round who know all the moods of this phenomenon as it changes with the passing seasons.

CHARLOTTE STEVENS, VI A.

CANADIAN AUTUMN

Sitting in my room I heard a scratching noise at my window. Curiously I went to investigate the sound and found it to be a branch of the old maple tree tapping to and fro in the wind. For a moment I gazed at the twig, and for the first time I noticed a few leaves pulling free and swirling to the ground. Autumn was setting in. As I looked toward the hill in the distance I saw a shade of yellow blending with orange—then red! The sun was shining outside and life did not seem to have changed, but in three weeks there would probably be a bitter west wind. The leaves would be madly tossing to the ground, and I would likely be out raking them to be tossed into the bonfire. The sky would be grey and the clouds would be moving swiftly across it. Noisy chattering would be heard as the squirrel was fighting with his neighbour over the huge acorn at the top of the tree. They would be collecting their food for the long winter months. Across the sky in groups and swarms we would see every variety of bird migrating south. At the club there would be no more tennis—no more sailing at the lake three miles away—no more colour to represent our Canadian autumn.

DIANA GORDON, VI B.

IMPRESSIONS OF ZAMBULA
AND

THE PLATINUM PLATYPUS FROM PLUTO

There is nothing I like better on a beautiful, sunny day, than to shut myself in a dark cinema and watch two of Hollywood's masterpieces. A typical double feature might contain films marked thus: "The Platinum Platypus from Pluto" and "Zambula." I am shrewd in my choice. Unlike the innocent, I realize that "Zambula" is not an exotic movie of some foreign escapade, as the name implies, but a "rip-roarin' Western." This deceptive name disguises the type of movie in order to lure Western-haters to the theatres. Fans who are too familiar to be misled come anyway. Nor is the "Platinum Platypus from Pluto" a twentieth century marvel-film, but again a tale of the Old West in different clothes, (to put it figuratively). Now settle down for four hours of "action-packed thrills."

"Zambula" begins with a "heart-warming" scene. A covered wagon rolls westward; the clip-clop of horses' hooves can be heard in time to loud soldierly music. Betsy-Lou whips the horses with her lily-white hands, encouraging them on-

ward with "Hah, git on ya whippersnappers!" Pa, seated beside her, regards her with as much love as a terrible actor can muster. Tears fill my eyes at this gentle sight. Suddenly the soldierly music stops. Wild cries and bandits rush out of nowhere—the Kicking Kid is in the lead. (I can tell because bad men are always dressed in black.) Betsy's Pa has been wounded and the wagon burnt when the music begins again louder and louder. Davy Crocket in all his glory rides to the rescue. Betsy-Lou looks lovely, not a hair out of place or a wrinkle in her expensive dress! No wonder Davy is flabbergasted at the sight of her. (Ladies, if you could but follow her example!)

She shrieks, "David, ya'll be killed!" as he fights the Kicking Kid.

Who will win? Who will win? Surely not our hero? But wait! (My heart is pounding). No—Yes—Davy has killed the evil Kicking Kid.

Just then old Pa chokes. He is dying. What is he trying to say? It can't be! He begs Betsy's forgiveness; he planned the attack himself so that he could get insurance money for his old chuck wagon. ("How clever this plot is," I think to myself). With this confession, Pa bids farewell to the world and clutches his heart and dies in the arms of Betsy-Lou. Hollywood must have Pa die! He is basically good, so he can't go to jail; however he cannot be let off scott-free. Death is the only answer. The music grows to a harmonious crescendo as Betsy-Lou and Davy walk arm-in-arm into the future grinning at each other with their capped teeth. The end. Wasn't that exciting!

Suddenly we are brought into the land of tomorrow. As I said before, "The Platinum Platypus from Pluto" is a specialized Western. Betsy-Lou and Pa are in a space ship instead of a chuck wagon. Betsy is called Mercana and Pa is a mad scientist with an extra syllable added to his name—Papa. The Platinum Platypus, alias the Kicking Kid, terrorizes all. Spacy Tracy is another name for Davy Crocket. Since the plot is exactly the same as the other one, I shall not bother to repeat myself. It's so much fun to see the same story again, because now I know what's going to happen.

At the end of the entire performance I marvel at Hollywood. How could they be so original? Their films, because never the same, attract million of intelligent people like me. So much do we idolize the actors that we even adopt their traits and talk like the characters they play.

Thus, as Betsy-Lou would say, "So long, Pardner!"

GALE DAVIS, Matric.

DEFINITION OF A TEEN-AGER

A Teenager: Noun, Feminine: one who falls between the ages of twelve and twenty; someone who can be messy, demanding, juvenile, haughty, coy, noisy, mature, shy, hysterical, and humble—all in the space of a few minutes; a person who is usually seen in "faded blues" and an enormous shirt kidnapped from a bewildered father; one who chews gum most indiscreetly and rides in ostentatiously-coloured cars belonging to the "hot rod" class; a person who is noisy when silence is essential—quiet when she is asked to speak; one who hears what she shouldn't, yet becomes conveniently deaf when it suits her; someone whose vocabulary contains such words as "cool," "man," "Daddy-O," "fantabulous," "divine," "crazy cat," "yah," "yummy," "rock'n'roll," "hot," "hep," and "jive"; a person who consumes an unusually large amount of food in an unusually short amount of time; one who can go without sleep for four or five days and remain undaunted; one who leaves her room in a manner usually associated with the destruction done by hurricanes or tornadoes; a person who is sure she knows more than anyone else in the world, especially where parents are concerned; one who has the knack of being oblivious of the fact that there are other people in the world besides herself, and getting away with it—sometimes! This is a teenager!

SUSAN GORDON, VI A.



MY HOME

On glancing at the real-estate advertisements in a newspaper, one is very apt to come across the word *home*. To me, a home is made, not by bricks and mortar, but by the people who live in it, look after it, and cherish it. A home consists of family and friends and the atmosphere they create. The atmosphere of my summer home is one of laughter and gaiety. All summer long it is full of relations and friends. At the beginning of the holiday only the immediate family is present and the house is peaceful and quiet. The large picture windows look out onto the bay and search for the boat bringing the guests. The garden gets ready to be admired as the flowers quicken their growth so that they may be blooming and nodding a welcome to the yearly visitors. Still shining from the spring cleaning with the bear rugs as yet unruffled, the inside of the house gets ready too as it eagerly anticipates the arrival of guests. For no wonder! It has been empty, cold and lonely for nearly a year; no wonder it welcomes first the family, then the guests.

Suddenly we see the boat round the point, and we rush to the wharf to meet our friends. Soon we shall all be back, and everything in the home—dogs wagging their tails and smiling, the natural wood walls shining, the fire merrily crackling, the same barometer pointing to good weather—everything helps our home to live up to its name, "A Thousand Welcomes."

During the course of the all-too-short summer we are swept along in a mad wave of gaiety, and ours is a happy home. People "dropping in" by day, teen-agers tiptoeing in "in the wee sma' hours," and the "Where have you been last night?" create the wonderfully happy atmosphere that comes when people enjoy themselves.

Too soon comes the day of the last boat, too soon things are packed and put away, and too soon we leave. The house seems to sigh and say a mute good-bye, with its reflecting eyes, to the family it has sheltered for another summer. Now it must wait for Thanksgiving and then it must take a last look at the bay, for our home's eyes will be shuttered and it will settle back and wait, as in sleep, for spring.

JANET BEATTIE, VI A.



TRANSPORTATION IN THE YEAR TWO THOUSAND

What does the future have in store for us? Scientists predict that travel to the moon will become an everyday procedure within the next twenty years. Other men of learning have dreamed of interplanetary highways enclosed in transparent tunnels. Transportation will be many times faster than it is to-day because cars and other vehicles will have jet propulsion. These are only a few of the future ideas which have captured the minds of many great thinkers of our times.

Jules Verne, a French author who lived in the early nineteenth century, turned the thought of space travel over in his mind and wrote a book, *From Earth to Moon*. People scoffed at the idea and thought that he was either a genius or a mad man. His dreams were those of the future—they looked forward, not backward. Part of his prediction of space travel has come true with the coming of the Russian Sputniks and American missiles, but what of the other part?

No one really knows the answer to this question. Time will tell in years to come whether or not the possibility of space travel will become a reality.

SANDY MILLER, V A.

CONCEPTION BAY AT SUNSET

The sea coast at sunset indeed can present a magnificent scene. Standing on a high rock, I can feel the vastness and magnificence of the ocean below me. In the foreground I see three large iron-ore ships whose shadows are reflected plainly on the quiet water. In the far distance are barely visible softly-rolling hills, looking blue through the mist of the evening. In front of these lie three islands, of which one—Bell Island—is gay with street lights and lights from the various buildings. Travelling slowly across the “Tickle” is the “Kipawa” making her hourly run back from Bell Island to Portage Cove.

The grey rocks, tinged with reds, blues and greens, protrude from the water and are a symbol of home to me. Here on the hillsides behind these rocks the Newfoundland fishermen have built their homes. Here also I can see the fish-flakes and the motor boats. I can see scores of men, women and children mooring boats, hanging up fish-nets, and closing doors of the “cleaning houses” in the last preparations for the night. Others have already finished their tasks and are climbing the hills to their homes.

A cool night breeze is beginning to make very gentle ripples on the water, and the waves seem to ebb and to run faster. Overhead the last sea-gulls are calling as they fly to their nests on the rocks. From my perch I hear the waves hitting the shore as if to say, “I am sorry; I am sorry.”

The sky is vividly painted with various shades of red, orange, blue, and green. All these are reflected in the sea. I feel as though everything were about to burst into flames. The sun is making its last appearance through the clouds; Slowly, slowly, it is sinking to rest—now it has vanished! I am completely awed by the serenity of this view, and I feel a tranquillity which I shall long associate with the beauty of Conception Bay.

PENNY AYRE, VI A.

MY MOST MEMORABLE MEAL

Out in Vancouver one evening in late August my father and I got into the car and drove over the Lion's Gate Bridge in West Vancouver. We were to pay a visit to an Indian reservation where I had what I think was the most memorable meal of my life. There was nothing special about the service—no lace tablecloths nor linen napkins, no beautifully decorated china nor crystal wine-glasses. Instead, we ate our food off wooden plates and drank from wooden mugs in the tepee of the Indian Chief. We sat on soft cushions on the ground, the earth being our only table. For the first course we had smoked salmon which had been slowly cooked over a smoldering fire. It had the most delicious taste of smoke and butter, one such as I had never experienced before. The outer edges were crisp, and the middle was soft and tender. With our salmon we were served small muffins, which we had watched some Indian women make. The dough had been beaten with a rounded piece of wood; then shaped and put into a huge roughly-constructed oven which had cooked them into the tender golden muffins now on our plates. The vegetable was corn on the cob—the Indian “maize.” This had been roasted to perfection over the fire by some Indian girls. The beverage was a reddish-coloured punch, which—though I'll never know what it was made of—was very tasty. We had no sooner finished this delicious course than two small boys came to us, offering a tempting piece of watermelon. It had been grown right on the reservation, where it had been tended by the Indians, and it was certainly the freshest, most delicately-flavoured melon I had ever eaten. After this meal, the Chief told us many tales about the Indians. Although this meal was not the most elaborate of my life, it was undoubtedly the most memorable.

MARGOT McMURRICH, VI A.

WHAT'S NEW

“What's new?” This question is repeatedly asked by parents and Old Girls alike, and is usually answered with the familiar “Nothing much!” Actually, new things have been happening all year. When we arrived in September we found new chenille bedspreads to match the green curtains we had been given last spring. They look extremely nice. Upon our return in January we noticed all the new fire equipment. This includes some fire doors leading directly from the class-rooms and an extra fire-escape from the north end of the top floor. We also have new, very up-to-date fire extinguishers and a new auxiliary pump.

The most conspicuous new thing is a class-room at the south end of the building connected by a short corridor with the south door. A door in the corridor leads outside. We don't know yet which will be the lucky Form! The Matrics had a lovely surprise in February. They were given the former laundry room—repainted and nicely furnished—as a Matric sitting-room. The laundry is now in the old drying-room, with a modern dryer and the most up-to-date equipment. We've been told that the Juniors in the Cottage are allowed to stay up a little later on Friday evenings, and they have a dressing-gown breakfast at the Cottage **every** Sunday morning. As you see, new things **have** been happening at K.H.C. and will continue to happen. The next time you are asked “What's new?” think twice before you answer, “Nothing much!”—B. SHANNON, Matric.



A Cottage Evening by Barbara Little



The Junior Cottage by Janet Simms



The Juniors at Home by Betty-Jane Punno

Cottage Report

We have a house matron
 Mrs. Welter by name,
 Who has the cottage
 Under her reign.
 She fumes and she splutters
 Whenever one speaks
 Before seven thirty
 When she wakes up from sleep.
 She's in a bad fit
 Until she's had tea,
 And gives some to Rags
 Her brown dog, you see.
 She loves the warm weather
 But she hates the cold,
 And never goes out
 Unless she is told.
 But she makes us stay out
 Till we just about freeze,
 In a wind that she calls
 A cool winter breeze.
 But come along spring
 When it's warm and it's sunny,
 She's out in the garden
 (And boy! Is it funny!)

She pulls up the worms
 And the weeds and the snakes,
 And she takes out the leaves
 With hoes and with rakes.

Her friend at the cottage
 Is really a costie.
 Her first name is Claire
 Her second is Dostie.
 Mlle. teaches sewing
 And cooking to us,
 And if something's wrong
 There's really a fuss.
 And if, accidentally,
 Her photo you take,
 She just about kills us
 Right there, with no wait.
 But in spite of these things
 It's fun over here;
 The life at the cottage
 Is full of good cheer.
 The Staff let us up
 Till quarter past eight,
 And when we are lucky
 Fifteen minutes late.
 And fire-drills are fun,
 We know, and you'll learn,
 When Mad-moi-selle shouts,
 "Get up or you'll burn!!!"
 But the Staff over here
 Aren't as bad as they seem,
 And we'd like to thank,
 That wonderful team.

JANET BURGOYNE, V B.

VB FORM REPORT

This year our Form, the VB's, consisted of twenty-one girls; namely, Barbara Baker, Cathy Wootton, Barbara Savage, Nicola Druce, Caroline Massey, Kath MacCulloch, Debby Rankin, Tony Sharp, Margaret Glen, Dodie Hornig, Susan White, Janet Burgoyne, Emily Black, Lindy Peck, Betsy Cox, Frances Budden, Penny Bayly, Dell Wilson, Dougie Trudeau, Di Glass, Sandra Ponder.

The three Form Captains were Nicola Druce, Cathy Wootton, and Emily Black. The three Sports Captains were Sandra Ponder, Debby Rankin, and Janet Burgoyne.

This year has been an eventful and enjoyable one for the VB's. In the Christmas term, with the assistance of the IV A's and IV B's we presented a Nativity play. On account of the early winter we had skiing and other sports before Christmas.

In the second term we did a lot of skiing and skating. Every week we had a Red Cross meeting during which we made things to donate to the Red Cross; also we enjoyed many entertainments put on here by people from outside the school.

We would very much like to thank our Form Mistress, Mrs. Elliott, for helping us with all our troubles and making the year so pleasant.

Thank you, Mrs. Elliott.

EMILY BLACK, V B.

A MORNING IN THE FOREST

All the forest lay quiet. The sun had not yet risen, but a grey light which was partly hidden by mist, began to filter in from the east. It was getting lighter now and the birds were waking, but not making too much noise as the sun was still dimmed by the heavy blanket of morning mist.

The creatures that had been out at night came slowly back to their homes to rest and sleep in preparation for another night's foraging. In the heart of the forest, where it was barely light yet, a stag rose to his feet sniffing the early-morning air and listening cautiously. His ears caught even the slightest movement made by the breeze blowing gently through the trees, but at the same time his nose told him that it was safe to go out and get a bite of juicy meadow-grass. A rabbit sat up on his haunches and sniffed and listened; his nose and ears told him that a fox was near so he scampered off to his burrow.

Now it was much lighter and all the animals were awake and looking for food. They knew not what dangers or what pleasures they were to face, but thus began a day in the life of the forest.

SHEILA SALMOND, IV A.

WINTER SUNRISE

As the first rays of dawn spread across the horizon from the east announcing the arrival of the morning sun, an arch of light floats upward to meet the endless stretch of the night skies. From silver to pink the colours change, spreading upwards and outwards like the ripples made by a falling leaf on a calm lake, making the hills and fields, clad in sparklings snow blush. The bare criss-cross branches of misty trees make a spider's web shadow of a shawl on the white expanse of snow. Up and up the sun rises, up toward the dome of the sky, until half of its rosy face is peeking rakishly above the line of the horizon, blazing furiously like a forest fire. The peak of its majesty is only too soon over and slowly but surely it rises above the world; the flaring colour slowly fading into a yellow-gold ball. The sunrise is over and the day is well begun.

CATHERINE WOOTTON, V B.



BEGUIA

Begua is an island about eight miles away from St. Vincent. It is small, being only six miles by eight miles. Like most of the islands off the coast of St. Vincent it is very mountainous and beautiful. The channel between St. Vincent and Begua is one of the roughest in the world and many war ships practise going through it and anchoring in Port Elizabeth on its south side. This is a deep water harbour and is considered a very good one.

Along the coast there are many beaches that are lovely for swimming, where beautiful white sand and often unusual shells can be found. Also at the rivers' mouths small white fish called Tre Tre are caught in nets. They are only found when there has been what is called "Tre Tre Lightning." This fish is a great delicacy as it is found only in St. Vincent and Begua.

On the island there are many interesting sights such as large flocks of wild pigeons and sometimes one might see parrots of beautiful hues talking to each other in their own language.

At the north end of the island is a mountain called Cinnamon. It is the highest there and from the top one can see almost the whole island, which is very thinly populated. There is only one town and this should really be called a village. Other than this the island is mostly forest with a few scattered farm houses in the valleys.

BETTY JANE PUNNETT, IV A.



PICTURE CREDIT

"The Lighthouse", Tempera—Vicki Druce, IV B

MY VISIT TO THE CITY

My first visit to the city was an exciting and frightening one for me. I was told by my mother to phone my aunt on my arrival. After doing that and being told to walk to her house I started to cross the street. I was looking up at the skyscrapers when all of a sudden cars whizzed by me in every direction, blowing their horns. Later I got lost. I walked up one street and down others, not knowing quite where I was going. Finally, exhausted and giving it all up, I went to a booth and phoned my aunt again. She had a taxi come to get me. On reaching my aunt's house, safe and sound, I resolved that never again would I travel alone.

KATHERINE MACCULLOCH, V B.



LAKES

A lake is a place that can be enjoyed by everyone, young and old alike. If you like scenery, there is nothing more beautiful than watching some ducks swimming through the rushes or watching the odd piece of driftwood seeking its destination. If beauty doesn't arouse your interest, there's always a relaxing hour to be spent trying your luck with the rod. Of course if you're the type who loves sports, you can spend a most enjoyable afternoon swimming or water skiing. These are just a few of the many things to be enjoyed at a lake.

NICHOLA DRUCE, V B.



A PEN PAL

Having a pen pal is a very nice thing. You can ask her what her hobbies are, what sort of a climate she lives in and many other interesting things. My pen pal lives in Japan. Her name is Sachiko Dekuna and she lives in a suburb of Tokyo called Fujisawa. In winter she lives near the sea shore and in summer she goes to the Japanese Alps. Her hobby is collecting stamps. She is in grade eight and is just learning to speak English. I receive a letter from her nearly every two months. It is sometimes in Japanese, but occasionally in quite good English. Someday I hope I shall be able to visit her in person.

FRANCES BUDDEN, V B.

COTTAGE RAIDS

After all the lights are out,
Someone peeks from where they lie,
And says, "I think without a doubt
Tonight's the night a raid we'll try."

Around the rooms we pass the word,
To girls just waiting for some fun,
In sheets and shoes ourselves we gird,
Waiting for the sign to run.

We rush downstairs to scare the Staff,
But what to our wondering eyes,
We find the Staff have gone outside
Waving and yelling good-byes.

Someone says, "Let's lock the doors
So they can't come in."
We lock the doors and keep them out,
Till they start to make a din.

Then we sit and tell some funny tales
Until from laughter we turn red,
And then we hear the downcast wail,
"It is time to go to bed."

We go off with the saddest looks
Upon our little faces,
But in our memories, of the night
Before we still have traces.

JANET BURGOYNE, V B.

THE OTTAWA NATIONAL MUSUEM

In Ottawa there is a fairly large museum. In one part there is the National Art Gallery with beautiful paintings. In another part are insects and animals. One section is dedicated to the Indians. It shows their clothes, their way of travelling, and their weapons which are all very interesting.

In the section containing animals, polar bears and huskies growling at each other are shown. Then there are a few beavers building a dam, also red foxes teaching their young to catch rabbits. In the bird section there is a big hawk over her nest, also some Canadian geese. All the things shown are most interesting. I think the museum is a wonderful place.

BARBARA LITTLE, IV A.



THE MORNING SUN

Awakening just before the dreaded rising bell I glanced out the window to see the magnificent and splendid sight of the rising sun. It was so beautiful against the blue white-washed sky with its flimsy, scattered bits of clouds, pure and white! It looked as if the whole sky was afire, so red were the shining rays. And as it shone down on the fields of snow, they too turned to fire. Then as suddenly as it had come it died down and completely disappeared behind the fluffy pink clouds to wait for another morning to show off its brilliant beauty to the world below.

MARGARET GLEN, V B.



A DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

A few days ago, as I was looking out of my window in the early morning, I was startled to see a daylight robbery! An adorable baby squirrel had managed to get himself a small ear of corn. As he sat eating the kernels, a large grey squirrel appeared suddenly behind him and knocked the corn right out of the baby's paw and to the ground. The baby squirrel was rather startled, and looked as if he was wondering what kind of magic had caused the disappearance of his food. After a few minutes he realized it was useless to sulk about his loss, so he ran off to find more, which he hoped would not be stolen!

DIANA GLASS, V B.

BATHSHEBA

There are many beaches in the Barbados, some are very lonely and some are very crowded but the one that is just right is Bathsheba. This beach is very long and very wide and there are a lot of mountains behind it. It has a lot of Portuguese-men-of-war which are little creatures that are washed up on the beach by the sea. They are pink, blue and purple and are very poisonous.

There is the most gorgeous sunset there. It is like a redhot ball of flames sinking into the sea. Then at night the crickets come out and their chorus makes you fall asleep while the moon comes up like a big silver ball in the sky.

ELAINE OLIVER, IV A.



THE BEAUTY OF ALGONQUIN

Paddling through the water on a quiet summer evening, one can see the true loveliness of Algonquin, a national park in Ontario. Giant pines surround the lake sticking high up in the sky. Little breezes ruffle the water causing the canoe to rock and sway gently. Looming high up above the trees on a small mountain, the Ranger's tower appears like a ghostly form. Little streams and rivers wind their way through the Park. In Algonquin wildlife thrives. Young deer drink at the shore, not at all afraid of a person out paddling. In many places one can observe the remains of a beaver dam or house. The call of the North is always luring us forward to give us a chance to see the true beauty and loveliness of Algonquin.

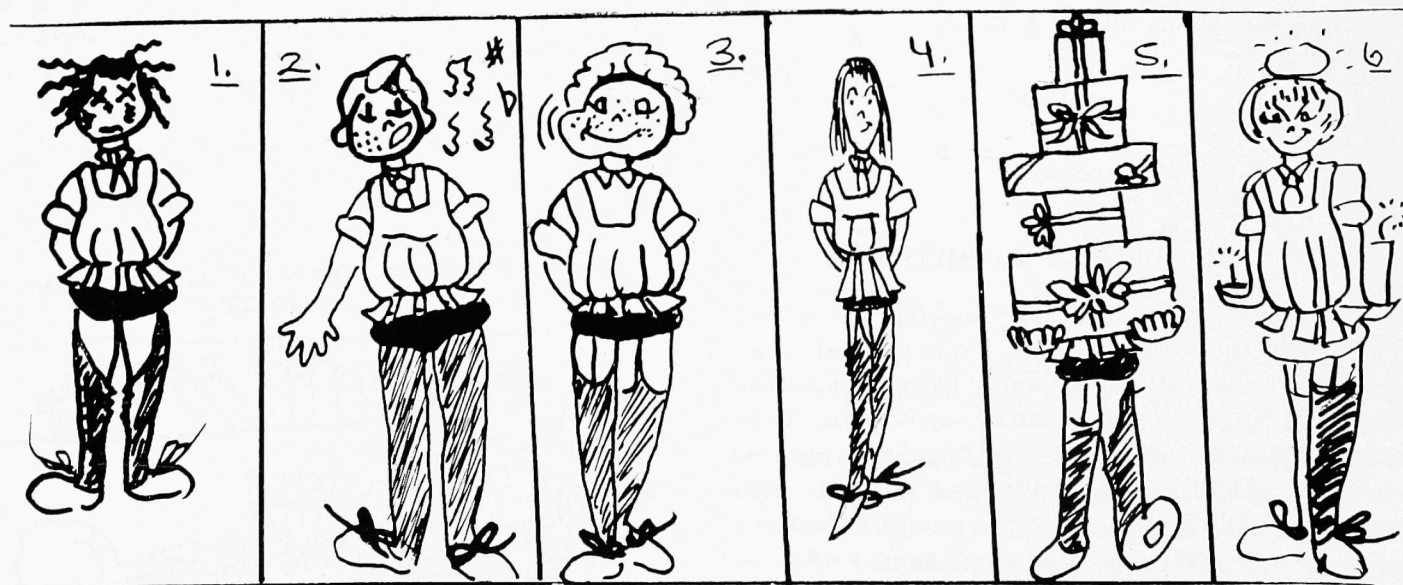
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THE LINE-UP!! Guess who . . .



1. Went Visiting Last Night
2. Thinks She's Got A Good Voice
3. Is Chewing Gum

4. Wants To Go On A Diet(?)
5. Has A Birthday
6. Is A Practical Joker

Jennifer Giles
and
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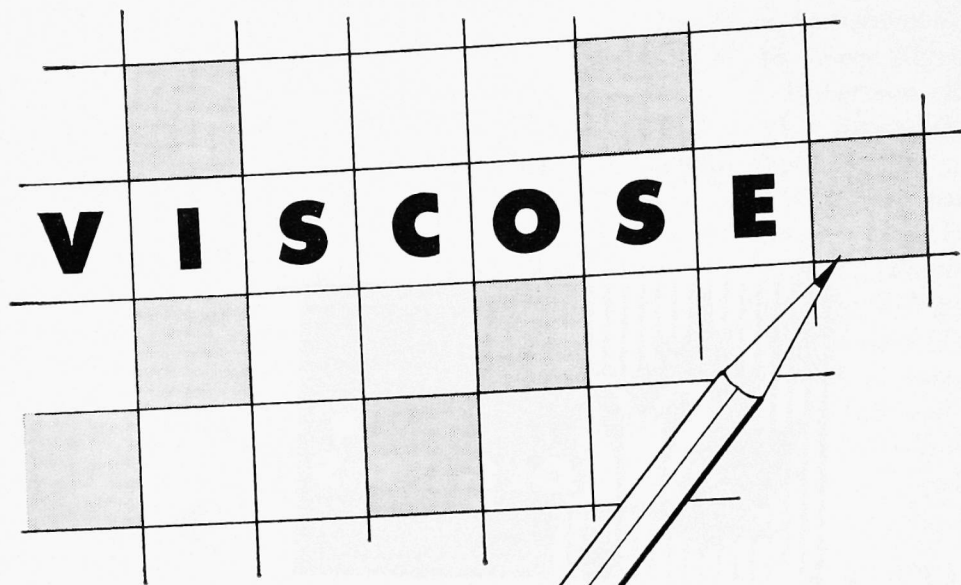
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Remember, bending over is good for the waistline!

From the two who ought to know

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to the

1959 Form Captains



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is made of.*

Benjamin Franklin

Poor Richard's Almanack

The life of Benjamin Franklin illustrates the truth of his own words, for though this marks the 253rd anniversary of his birth, Franklin's remarkable achievements continue to influence the daily lives of many Canadians. He was responsible for the establishment of The Montreal Gazette in 1778, thereby creating a tradition that still lives as part of the very fabric of its community and country.

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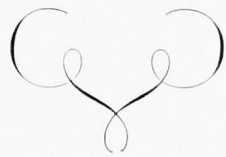
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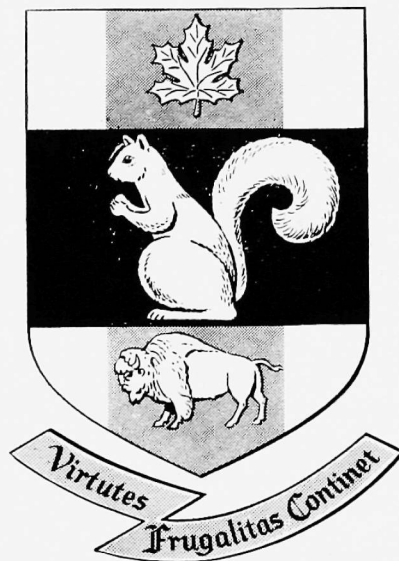
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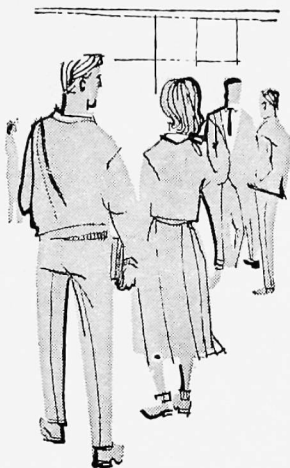
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